

THE WONDERS OF LONDON

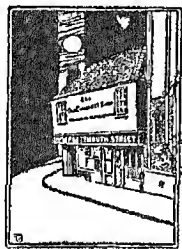
BY

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"THE CHILDREN'S CRUSOL," ETC



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TO
GWYN
AND
ALL OTHER LITTLE BOYS WHO LIVE
NEAR LONDON

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Chapter I

BOBBY COMES TO LONDON

BOBBY and his father were having breakfast.
Rat-a-tat-tat.

"There's the postman," said Father. "Go and get the letters."

Bobby rushed to the door.

"Two for you, and a picture post card for me," he said.

"Who has sent you the post card?" asked Father.

"Cousin Helen," said Bobby. "It's got a picture of Westminster Abbey on it. Oh, I do wish I could see London!"

"Do you?" said Father. "Really and truly? More than anything else?"

"Really and truly. *Much* more than anything else," replied Bobby.

"Very well then," said Father. "If you are as certain as all that about it, I will take you there. I have to go up to London next week to do some business, so you may as well come with me. I will do my business in the mornings, and every afternoon we will go to see some wonderful sight."

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"Oh, jolly, jolly, jolly!" cried Bobby. "I never thought anything so nice would happen. When shall we start?"

"Next Monday morning at nine o'clock," said Father. . . .

And so that is how Bobby came to London.

Chapter II

AT THE TOWER

*Bobby set off one nice fine day,
To see the Tower, so old and gray;
There it stands by the water blue,
Near to a bridge where tall ships go through.*

ON Tuesday afternoon Bobby and his father set out for their first adventure.

"Guess where we are going to-day," said Father.

"Somewhere nice?" asked Bobby.

"Somewhere very nice. It begins with a T."

"The Tower!" shouted Bobby. "I want to go there more than anywhere. Bertie Brown's been, and he says it's splendid."

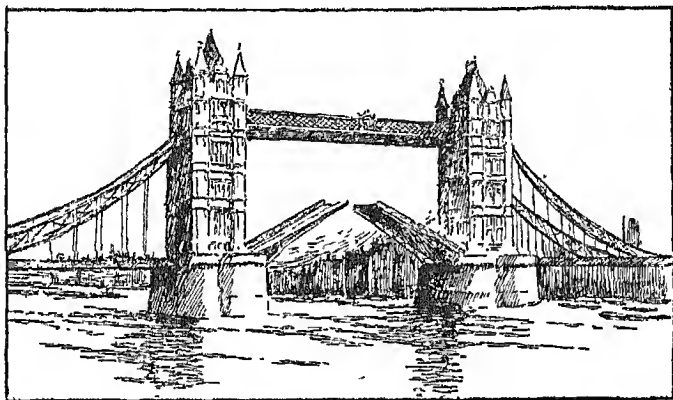
Soon they came within sight of it.

"There it is," said Father. "That big stone building with all sorts of funny little towers round it."

AT THE TOWER

Bobby walked a little faster. "Let's be quick getting to it," he said.

"Wait a minute," said Father. "There's a bridge I want you to see first. There it is ; built across the river."



The Tower Bridge

"I see it," said Bobby. "It has got a tower at each end."

"That's the one," said Father. "It is called the Tower Bridge. If you look at it closely you will see it can be pulled up in the middle, like two gangways, to let tall ships go through :

" Under the bridge the ships all go,
If they are only small and low ;
But if they have masts that stand up high,
Into two parts the bridge must fly.

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"Then when the bridge is standing wide
The people all wait on either side;
Or else they climb up a long, steep stair
To a very high bridge, that's always there."

"I can't see any high up bridge," said Bobby.

"It is there," said Father. "Right up by the tops of the towers. But it isn't used much. People usually wait. No one minds waiting a little now and then."

From the bridge Bobby and his father went to the Tower.

"It's old," said Father, "very old."

"William the Conqueror sat on the throne
When men began laying the Tower's first stone,

Once there was a moat round it, made to keep
out enemies and keep in prisoners."

"Prisoners!" cried Bobby. "Were there prisoners in the Tower?"

"Don't you remember?" said Father, "all those men in your history book who were thrown into the Tower. They all came here—Queen Anne Boleyn, Sir Walter Raleigh, the two little Princes, Sir Thomas More, and over so many others."

Bobby sighed.

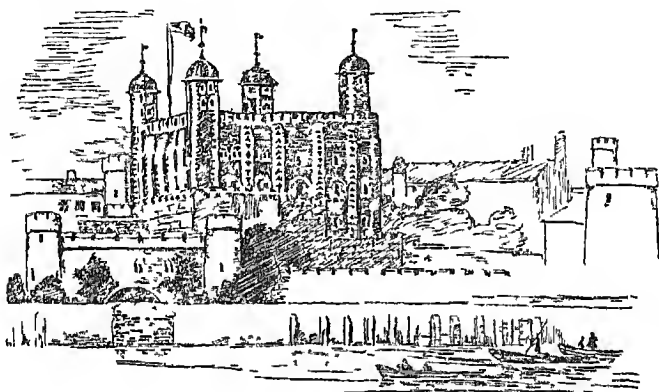
"It makes me feel miserable," he said. "Didn't any jolly things ever happen here?"

"Not very many," said Father. "But many of the men who were shut up here were brave

AT THE TOWER

and splendid, so that you need not feel sad when you think about them. Come along this pathway and I will show you the Traitor's Gate."

Bobby ran after Father till they got to some stairs.



The Tower of London

"Up you go," said Father. "This is called St Thomas's Tower. William the Second built it. See, there is the river just beneath us, and that is the Traitor's Gate, below this tower. Barges bringing prisoners stopped there, and the prisoners were marched into the Tower through the Traitor's Gate."

"Even if they weren't traitors?" said Bobby.

"Yes," answered Father. "Many of those who were called traitors were good and loyal men. But in those days if a man fell out with the king

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it was easy to find a reason for calling him a traitor."

"I'm glad I didn't live then," said Bobby.

"But if you had," said Father, "I hope you would have been brave enough to do what you felt was right, even if it meant coming to the Tower."

Bobby shivered a little at the idea of finding himself in the Tower. "I'm glad I didn't live then," he repeated.

"So am I," said Father. "Now let us get down. There are lots of things still for you to see. Do you notice the soldiers walking up and down? That's because there are barracks behind the Tower, and soldiers live here always."

"They do look stiff," said Bobby. "They're just like wooden soldiers."

"All the same they are keeping a sharp look out," said Father. "They see everything that happens near them. And look! There is a beef-eater. Can you see him?"

"Beef-eater?" said Bobby. "Whatever do you mean?"

For answer, Father pointed to a man with a tunic coat, ruffled sleeves, knee-breeches, and a wide, round hat, with a gathered crown. "That's one," he said. "They are men who have been old soldiers, and who now look after the Tower and see that nothing gets hurt."

AT THE TOWER

"I suppose he never eats anything but beef," said Bobby.

Father laughed. "Dear me, no!" he said. "He eats all sorts of things. Beef-eater used to be a French word, meaning the man who stood by the king's sideboard or 'buffet,' but English people found it a hard word to say, and so they called it beef-eater."

While they had been talking about the beef-eater, Bobby and his father had been walking along, till at last they came to a wide, open square, where some jackdaws were flying about. Inside a railed space there was a big cross on the pavement.

"Look," said Father, pointing to the cross.

"Where people were beheaded?" Bobby asked in a whisper.

Father nodded. "When we go inside the Tower you will see the block and the axe," he said. "This is where they were used. Here Queen Anne Boleyn was put to death."

"And Charles the First?" said Bobby.

"Oh no," said Father. "King Charles was beheaded in quite another place. I will show it you another day. But just try to think for a minute what everything looked like on the day that Anne Boleyn came here, and then remember that though everything is so different, and though all the people then alive have been dead for

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hundreds of years, it is exactly the same Tower now as then, and that you have been up some of the very steps which kings and queens have climbed."

Bobby slipped his hand into Father's. "It does make everything seem old," he said, shivering a little.

"Are you cold?" said Father.

"No," said Bobby. "I'm quite warm. It was only one of those nice, funny shivers that you get when you are enjoying yourself."

"I know," said Father. "Well, come along inside, we'll go and see the chapel. It is one of the oldest and most splendid parts of the Tower."

Up a good many stairs they went, till at last they got to the chapel.

"Off with your cap," said Father, taking off his own hat, and they stepped inside a tiny, cold, dark church.

Bobby looked round silently. He thought the chapel looked bare and dismal. It was very dark, and it felt damp. It seemed to him that this was older than anything he had seen so far, and he felt that everywhere about him there was an air of sadness.

"This is called St Peter's chapel," said Father. "It is very old indeed. You can tell that by those arches.

" In Norman churches, keep this in mind,
The arches are always round, you'll find.

AT THE TOWER

See how round these arches are, not high and pointed, as they are in some churches. If you remember that it was the Normans who built little, round arches, you'll know when you see them in a church that the church is very old."

"Did the prisoners in the Tower ever come here?" said Bobby.

"Yes," said Father, "many of them are buried here. Dozens of men who came into the Tower as prisoners never got out again, but just died slowly from want of good food and fresh air. Then their bodies were hastily flung under this floor, without anyone to look on or to shed a tear for them."

Bobby sighed again.

"No need to sigh," said Father cheerfully. "Things don't happen like that now. Wouldn't you like to come and see the armoury and the exhibits?"

"Oh yes!" said Bobby. "Have they got some real armour? And shall I be able to see the axe and the block?"

"Yes to both questions," said Father, leading the way to a new, well-lighted room.

Bobby hurried in joyfully. "This is what I like!" he said. "Look at all those men in armour, and oh, some of it is like network, and some of it isn't."

"The network ones are 'chain' armour," said Father. "Look at it closely and you will see that

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it is made up of links such as you find in a chain. The other kind of armour is 'plate' armour."

"Did some people wear one kind and some the other?" asked Bobby.

"Not at the same time," said Father. "Chain armour is older than plate armour. All soldiers from the time of William the Conqueror up to the reign of Edward I wore chain armour. Then some people began to wear plate armour, and though for a time both chain armour and plate armour were worn, gradually fewer and fewer men wore the first kind, and more and more men wore the last, till in the end no one at all wore chain armour."



Chain Mail Hauberk

"The helmets look very funny," said Bobby.

"Don't they?" said Father. "Do you see that bit in the front with tiny holes in it? That is called the visor, and the man wearing it could lift it up and put it down when he liked."

"They must have looked terrible when they went out to battle," said Bobby. "Why don't soldiers wear armour now?"

"Because in the old days there was no gunpowder," said Father. "Men fought much more with their swords, and they got much nearer to

AT THE TOWER

one another. So a man had to be very careful to cover up his body. Nowadays armour would be far too heavy; and it would not keep a man from being hurt by bullets, so no one ever wears it."

Bobby stayed for a long time in the armoury, and it was getting quite late when he and Father came away.

"Now for the Crown Jewels," said Father, leading the way to the tower where the jewels are kept.

Bobby went inside and found himself in front of a huge glass case filled with the most magnificent jewels. They were so grand that he could not make up his mind which he liked the best, and he was just wondering what it would be like to wear a crown himself when Father touched his arm.

"Look at that crown over there," he said. "It is called St Edward's Crown, and has been worn by every English sovereign since the days of Charles the Second."

Bobby looked at it.

"Is it heavy?" he said.

"Yes," said Father, "it is heavy. When a king puts on a crown, besides putting on jewels he puts on a lot of cares and anxieties. It isn't easy to be a king. It doesn't mean just wearing a crown.

"What does it feel like to be a king?"

Neither you nor I can tell.

But this we know, when he wears his crown

He wears many cares as well."

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"I'd like to wear the crown," said Bobby, "but I would not like to have the other things."

"I daresay that is just what the king thinks," said Father, laughing. "But you can't have the one without the other; they go together. Now we must be getting home. We'll take a taxi to the station and then we'll soon be there."

"Jolly!" said Bobby eagerly. "I do love going in taxis."

Chapter III

THE MONUMENT AND LONDON BRIDGE

*To London Bridge and the Monument,
This is where Bobby the next day went;
Right up the steps to the column's height,
To view the city,—a splendid sight;
Then down to the Bridge, where taxis fly,
And thousands of people each day go by.*

SYDENHAM, where Bobby and his father were staying, is about seven miles from the City, and so every day they had to go to the City by train.

"What's that?" said Bobby, pointing to a large building with a glass roof, as they went to the station on Thursday.

"That's the Crystal Palace," said Father. "Do

THE MONUMENT

you see its fine glass roof? Its sides are made of glass too. It was built in 1851, and nine hundred thousand square feet of glass were used in making it."

"Oh!" said Bobby. "How splendid! Then it is ever so much bigger than the greenhouse in the park at home?"

"Bigger; I should think so!" cried Father. "Hundreds of times bigger. It was built by a man who was a famous gardener. His name was Sir Joseph Paxton. At first it was not put up here at all, but in Hyde Park, which is eight or nine miles away."

"But why was it put up there?" asked Bobby.

"Because the great Exhibition of 1851 was held in Hyde Park," said Father. "Queen Victoria's husband, Prince Albert, got it up, and everyone crowded to see it. The Crystal Palace was the thing most people liked best. It looked like a fairy palace, especially when it was lighted up at night.

"When Queen Victoria was on the throne,
The first Exhibition ever known
Was held in London, and every day
The people came flocking in crowds that way,
To see the wonderful Palace of Glass,
Set in the midst of the park's green grass;
It shone by day when the sun beam'd bright;
It looked more wonderful still at night;
The fairies themselves could not have planned
Anything finer for Fairyland."

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"Why was it brought here?" asked Bobby.

"After the Exhibition was over," said Father, "a good many people wanted to have the Crystal Palace left always in Hyde Park. But it took up a great deal of room, and needed a lot of looking after, and so it was sold to some business men, who had it brought here, and here it has been ever since. It is used for concerts, plays, flower shows, firework displays, and all sorts of entertainments."

"Can't we go to see it?" asked Bobby.

"Not this visit," said Father. "This time I want you to see all the sights in London itself. Next time we'll come to the Crystal Palace."

"A signal has just gone down," cried Bobby.

"It's for our train," said Father. "Run!"

They ran their best and just caught a train for Cannon Street Station.

When they got out a very little walking brought them to the Monument, a high, smoke-dirtied column.

"Here we are," said Father. "Now we'll go inside."

"Inside?" asked Bobby.

"Yes, inside," said Father. "There is a staircase inside, and from the top there is a very fine view."

Bobby loved going up twisting staircases, and he gladly followed his father inside.

THE MONUMENT

"Aren't they nice steps?" said Father. "They are made of black marble. It will take a lot of coming and going to wear away the edges of these."

"There are ever so many more to go up," said Bobby. "How many altogether, Father?"

"Three hundred and forty-five," said Father, (who had been looking at his guide-book).

Up, up they went, till there were only two or three steps left.

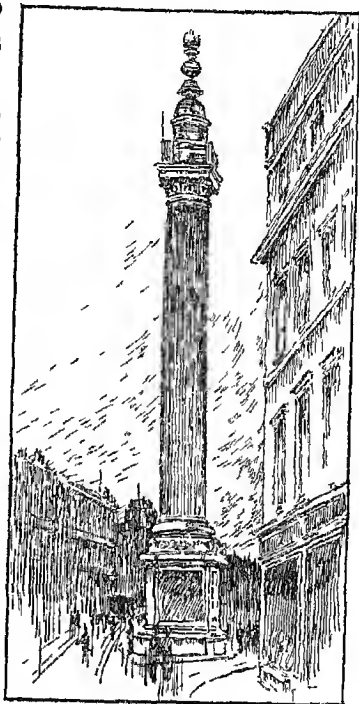
"Three hundred and forty-five!" cried Bobby, as he got to the top. He was quite dizzy with the long climb, and for a minute he

stood on the balcony, without saying anything.

"Dizzy?" said Father. "It is a high monument. It was built when Charles the Second was king, in memory of the Great Fire."

"Great Fire?" repeated Bobby.

"The Great Fire of London," said Father. "It



The Monument

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was the most dreadful fire there has ever been. It burnt up nearly the whole of London."

"The whole of London!" cried Bobby. "Why didn't they put it out. Didn't the fire engines come in time?"

"There weren't any fire engines then," said Father; "and besides most of the houses were built of wood, and when one caught fire the next one blazed up very soon. The fire began in a house on the spot where this Monument now stands. That little house shot up in flames, then the next house caught, and the next, and the next, till at last the whole street was blazing and people began to be very frightened."

"Didn't they do anything to stop it?" said Bobby.

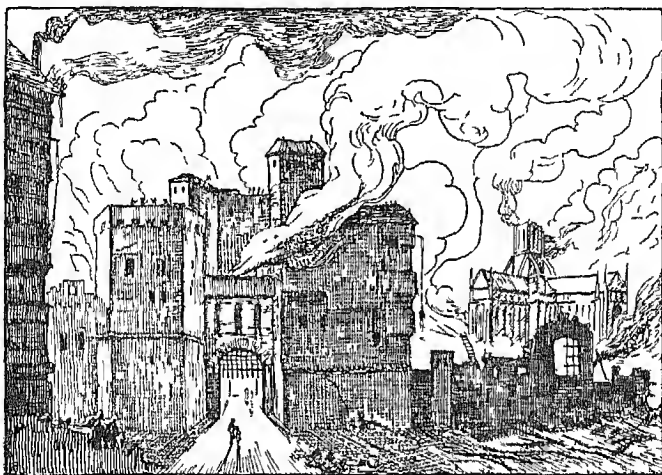
"They tried their best," said Father. "But it wasn't easy to get water quickly, and there was a high east wind, and so the flames soon got the better of the people. Then they began pulling down the houses, hoping to stop the fire by piling up great heaps of rubbish, past which it was hard for the flames to get. Even the king came out and worked as hard as anyone else. Hundreds of homeless people ran up and down the streets, wringing their hands and crying out that they were ruined. In the end, the great piles of rubbish stopped the flames, but not till the fire had been burning for three weeks, and the ashes were still hot for long after that."

THE MONUMENT

"How awful," said Bobby.

"Wasn't it?" said Father. "Yet it turned out in the end to be a good thing."

"A good thing!" repeated Bobby. "How could a fire like that be a good thing?"



Burning of Newgate and Old St Paul's

"Before the fire," said Father, "there had been a great plague in London, and thousands of people had died. Those who were rich enough went out of the city. Grass grew in the streets because so few people walked on them. Only a few shops were open for the sale of food, and the shopkeepers would not even touch a coin from one of the customers. They kept bowls of vinegar on their counters, and everyone dropped his money into

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the vinegar, so great was the fear of catching the dreadful illness."

"Well?" said Bobby. "What has the fire to do with that?"

"Everything," said Father. "Even after the plague was pretty well over, many of the little wooden houses were full of infection, so it was a good thing the fire burnt them down. If they had been left, another and more terrible plague might have broken out later. As it was, when the streets were built again they were wider and more airy; the houses were higher, and many of them were made of stone instead of wood. So you see that after all the fire was a good thing."

"How it must have roared," said Bobby. "You know how our bonfire at school roars, and this must have been ever so much worse."

"Thousands of times worse," said Father. "Do you know who built this Monument?"

"Sir Christopher Wren
Lived at the time when
The Great Fire of London was seen;
This column so tall
He built to tell all
How dreadful that fire had been."

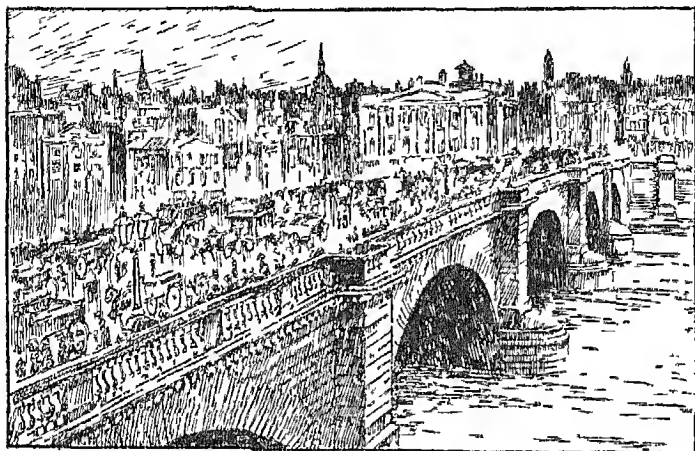
"I can see something gilt on the very top," said Bobby.

"Those are supposed to be flames, pouring out of a bowl," said Father. "Now, I think you've seen

LONDON BRIDGE

everything here; we'll go to look at London Bridge next."

A very few minutes' walking brought Bobby and his father to London Bridge.



London Bridge

"How many bridges do you think there are across the Thames?" said Father.

"Four," said Bobby, making a guess.

"Bad guess," said Father. "There are twelve, not counting the railway ones. Do you know any rhymes about London Bridge?"

"I know one," said Bobby.

LONDON BRIDGE

"London Bridge is broken down,
Dance o'er my Lady Lee;
London Bridge is broken down,
With a gay lady.

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"How shall we build it up again?
Dance o'er my Lady Lee;
How shall we build it up again?
With a gay lady,

"Build it up with iron and steel,
Dance o'er my Lady Lee;
Build it up with iron and steel,
With a gay lady,

"Iron and steel will bend and bow,
Dance o'er my Lady Lee;
Iron and steel will bend and bow,
With a gay lady,

"Build it up with wood and clay,
Dance o'er my Lady Lee;
Build it up with wood and clay,
With a gay lady,

"Wood and clay will wash away,
Dance o'er my Lady Lee;
Wood and clay will wash away,
With a gay lady,

"Build it up with stone so strong,
Dance o'er my Lady Lee;
Huzza! 'twill last for ages long,
With a gay lady,"

"Well done," said Father. "The one I know tells how London Bridge was burnt down by fire, and begins :

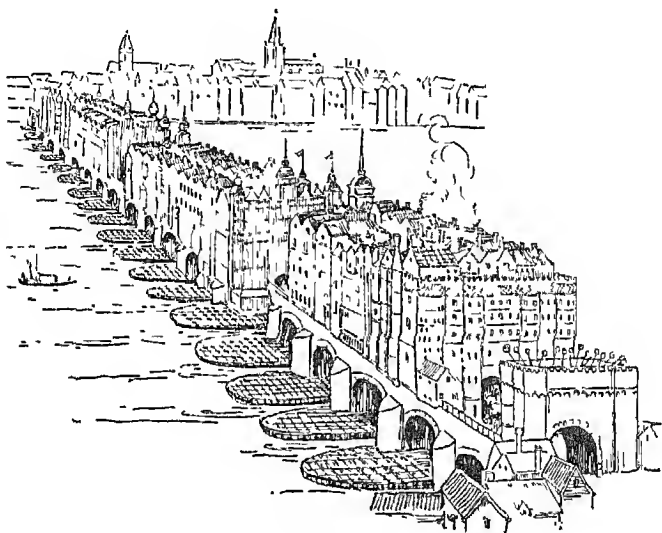
"London Bridge is falling down;
Bring water; Bring water,"

LONDON BRIDGE

"I know another!" cried Bobby:

"See-saw, Jack in the hedge,
Which is the way to London Bridge?"

"Quite a lot of rhymes, altogether," said Father.
"And I darsay there are others. When you get home you must look them all up."



Old London Bridge

"Is this the real bridge?" asked Bobby. "I mean the one that got on fire?"

"Oh no," said Father. "This one has not been built a great many years. Ever so long ago there was a wooden bridge here, but about the time of King Henry the Second it was taken down and a stone one put in its place. The new

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one was very narrow, and had houses and shops built on each side of it. No carriages or carts came over it, only people on foot or on horseback. There was a chapel in the middle and a gate at each end. That was the bridge that got burnt in the Great Fire."

"I wonder how the fire began," said Bobby.

"Through a baker's oven getting too hot," said Father. "That was the beginning of it."

"Is this a nicer bridge than the old one?"

"It is much stronger, and wider, and better built," said Father, "though the old one was more old-fashioned and homely. Thousands of people go over it every day, besides cabs and motor-cars and all sorts of carts. It cost more than two million pounds, and it is one of the busiest bridges in the city."

Bobby looked at the crowds hurrying by. "Is it like this all day?" he asked wonderingly.

"All day, and most of the night as well," said Father. "But what do you think about having tea now? Shall we have it in town for a treat?"

"It would be lovely," said Bobby.

"Then we'll get into a motor-bus," said Father, "and get back to the shops. Here's a bus. Come along. Jump in."

Bobby jumped in, and off they went.

ST PAUL'S CATHEDRAL

Chapter IV

ST PAUL'S CATHEDRAL

*St Paul's Cathedral is vast and high;
The Dome seems almost to reach the sky;
When Bobby looked up he felt so small,
He did not like the feeling at all.*

BOBBY," said Father, "to-day we're to see a place where there are many monuments and tombs of great men."

Bobby thought for a minute.

"St Paul's Cathedral!" he cried.

"Well guessed," said Father. "There it is. Look at its cup-like roof; that is the famous dome. When we go inside you'll be able to look up at the dome, ever so far above your head."

Bobby gazed up at the outside of it.

"What is that on the top?" he asked.

"On the very tip top?" said Father. "That is a cross, and just under it is a great ball. Now we will go inside. We must cross the road and go up those steps."

A flock of pigeons were feeding at the bottom of the steps.

"We'll frighten them," said Bobby. "Wait!"

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"Not at all," said Father. "They are quite tame. Ever since before the day of Queen Elizabeth there have been pigeons here. There is a well-known boys' school called St Paul's; it was opened about four hundred years ago. But there was an even older school, called St Anthony's, that was also here in old times. The boys from these two schools met nearly every day. The St Anthony's boys used to tease the St Paul's boys and call them 'St Paul's pigeons,' and the other boys used to reply by calling St Anthony's boys 'St Anthony's pigs.'"

"Paul's and pigeons," said Bobby. "They both begin with 'p.' I sha'n't forget that. Are we going inside?"

Father walked up the steps and pushed open a small, heavy door.

"This is the way," he said.

Bobby pulled off his cap and went in. Then he stood looking round him in astonishment.

"I never thought there could be a church as big as this," he whispered to his father.

"Isn't it splendid," said Father. "Look how long the aisles are. It takes more than five hundred big strides to go from one end to the other. And isn't the roof high? Did you think it would be like this?"

"I didn't think it would be half so big," said Bobby. "Don't the people in it look small?"

ST PAUL'S CATHEDRAL

He spoke in a whisper. The Cathedral made him feel half afraid of himself.

"Come and look at the statues," said Father. "Most of our greatest soldiers are buried here.

"Here lie buried Britons brave,
Men who died our land to save ;
Bold Lord Nelson, Collingwood,
Both of them true men and good ;
Wellington, who kept our land
From falling 'neath Napoleon's hand ;
Sacred is the place where lie
Men who did not fear to die,"

"Nelson — Collingwood — Wellington, I can remember those," said Bobby. "Are they all buried here ?"

Father nodded. "Isn't it splendid," he said, "to think of such brave men being remembered for ever in a church like this ?"

"A church ?" said Bobby. "Is it a church as well as a cathedral ?"

"Well," said Father, "what is a cathedral ? Just a very big church. There are services here as there are in all other churches. It isn't just a place to come and see ; it is as much a church as our own little church at home."

"Oh !" said Bobby, "I hadn't thought of that. I thought it was only a place to look at."

"If it wasn't a church," said Father, "there wouldn't be any tombs. Besides great soldiers, a

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good many great artists are buried here. Try to remember the names of these two, Sir Joshua Reynolds and Turner."

Bobby sighed.

"Two more names to remember," he said. "That's five altogether."

"Quite a few, really," said Father. "Three soldiers,—Nelson, Collingwood and Wellington,—and two painters—Reynolds and Turner,—that is quite easy. Turner painted skies full of wonderful colours; and Reynolds painted portraits:

"Painter, painter, what's your name?

Reynolds, if you please, sir.

Are you, sir, a man of fame?

Yes, an if you please, sir.

Will you paint my daughter Prue?

Yes, if I've got time, sir;

Can you make the likeness true?

If you wait you'll see, sir."

"Reynolds was a very famous painter," went on Father. "People used to pay a lot of money to be painted by him. Sometimes he used to paint in this cathedral; and it is said that he came near to death when he was painting the ceiling here. He had finished a beautiful picture, and stepped back over the narrow platform on which he was working to get a better view of what he had done. Another step or two and he would have fallen and been crushed on the stone floor far beneath. It

ST PAUL'S CATHEDRAL

was a most fortunate thing that an assistant was also on the platform, and seeing his master's peril he quickly made a plan to save him. He caught up a large brush, loaded with paint, and threw it at the picture. Sir Joshua sprang forward to save his beloved work, and the danger was past."

Bobby and Father were now close to the dome.

"Go and look at the dome," said Father.

"Go all by myself?" said Bobby.

"By yourself," said Father, so Bobby walked quietly to it. There he stood for a minute, looking up into the wonderful glass roof above him.

It was so high and so splendid that for a minute he quite forgot about everything else; then suddenly remembered his father, and ran back to him.

"It's just like looking into the sea," he said. "When you look at the sea you feel it is sea all the way through, and you can never see the bottom of it, and when I looked up at the dome it felt just like that; as if I couldn't see the end of it."

"Would you like to go up into it?" asked Father.

"But how could I?" said Bobby. "It would take a most terribly long ladder."

"And you would be dizzy and fall off long before you got to the top," said Father. "No; a ladder would be no good; but there is a staircase leading up to it, and a wonderful whispering gallery round it."

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After a long climb they got to the gallery. Bobby stood at one end of it, with his ear to the panel, and from the other end the guide whispered the history of the cathedral.

"It's most awfully nice," whispered Bobby to Father. "I can hear every word he says."

"And I can hear every word you say," whispered back the guide.

Bobby laughed, "I'd like to stay here a long time," he said. "It's just like a game."

"But we must go now," said Father. "There are two more galleries for you to see, outside the dome."

"Outside!" said Bobby, standing aside to let the guide show the way.

"We will only go to the lower one," said Father. "You will get a good view of the city from there. It will be windy. Hold your cap tightly in your hand."

It was windy! Bobby could hardly hear himself speak when he stood beside his father on the balcony, looking over the city. Houses everywhere! and horses, and carriages, and motors, and men, all looking like tiny little black specks in the distance, that was what he saw.

Suddenly the great clock chimed. It boomed so loudly that it startled Bobby.

"Doesn't it make a noise?" said Father. "Just fancy, the little minute finger is eight feet long, or twice as big as you are, and the bell it strikes on weighs twelve thousand pounds."

ST PAUL'S CATHEDRAL

Bobby thought of his own little watch, and how tiny it seemed beside such a giant. He had never before thought a clock could be so big.

"Some people climb up into the ball on the top of the dome," said Father, "but we've been far enough. We will go down now."

On the way down Bobby turned to Father. "What was the name of the man who built St Paul's?" he whispered.

"Why, the guide just told you," said Father.

"I know," said Bobby; "but he told me such a lot, I couldn't remember it all."

"Sir Christopher Wren," said Father.

"Who built St Paul's?
His name was Wren.
Yes; he built it;
Tell me, when?"

"In the year that
King Charles Two
Ruled in England,
Will that do?"

"Yes, but now please,
Tell me why?
I'm not sure, sir,
But I'll try."

"Fire had burnt the
Ancient walls.
That's why Wren, sir,
Built St Paul's."

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"Was there a church here, then, before this one?" asked Bobby.

"Yes; there has been a church here ever since anyone can remember. In olden days it was a great place for people to meet in and gossip. They even sold things inside the church, or quarrelled, or sat talking and laughing together, till Elizabeth the Queen sent word that anyone doing any of these things in the Cathedral should be put into prison."

"Fancy fighting and selling in a church!" said Bobby.

"Yes," said Father. "It was so big they seemed to forget it was a church. Nearly everyone lived in the city then, and so it was easy to meet here."

"Are we going to see the crypt?" asked Bobby.

"Well, just a little peep," said Father; "but you must be quick. It is quite time we went home."

"Where is it?" said Bobby.

"Underneath here," said Father. "It takes the place of a cellar, though it isn't dark and gloomy, as most cellars are."

Downstairs they went. "Oh, how nice!" cried Bobby. "I can see lots of tombs. Do let me stay here a long time."

But Father was in a hurry; and after Bobby had looked at the tombs he most wanted to see, they came away.

"I'm sorry we couldn't stay longer in the crypt,"

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said Father, "but it is getting very late. It is almost six o'clock. We must have tea and go home as fast as we can."

Chapter V

FROM ST PAUL'S TO THE NATIONAL GALLERY

*In the Temple long ago
Soldier-monks walked to and fro,
In the church antique and round,
Many of their tombs are found.*

ON Friday afternoon Bobby and his father were in a motor-bus. "Please stop," said Father to the conductor. The bus pulled up and Bobby and his father got out.

"Look round you carefully," said Father, "and then tell me where you are."

Bobby looked and saw a flight of wide, shallow steps; a crowd of fluttering pigeons; and a great building with a domed roof.

"Just by St Paul's," he said, in rather a disappointed voice. "I thought we were going somewhere else."

"So we are," said Father. "But I particularly want you to remember this bit of London, because it is one of the oldest parts. That's why I brought

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you here again. There used to be a pillory here, years and years ago."

"A pillory?" said Bobby.



A Pillory

"Oh, you know what a pillory is," said Father. "You must often have seen pictures of them. They were wooden frames made to hold a man, with a hole through which to put his head, and two more holes through which his arms were thrust. The pillory was fixed on a platform in the open street, so that any passers-by who felt cruel enough could throw mud or stones at the man in the frame, or laugh at him and tease him with their taunts."

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"It must have hurt a lot," said Bobby.

"It did," said Father. "Men often fainted with the pain, and sometimes they even died through the cruelty of the mob. The people in the street could throw as many stones as they liked, but of course the man in the pillory could neither throw back nor shelter himself from the blows."

"What a shame!" said Bobby. "There isn't any pillory now, is there?"

"No, not since the beginning of the reign of Queen Victoria," said Father. "But up till then it was used quite often, though every year made more people see what a cruel punishment it was."

"I'm glad it's all over," said Bobby. "Things are much nicer now than then, aren't they?"

Father nodded. "Before we go farther," he said, "I want to show you St Paul's Cross. The old Cross was built of stone and wood. It was a favourite place for anyone who wanted to preach or make an address to the people, because it stood on a platform up several stone steps, and from here a man could easily be seen and heard by the passers-by. Around St Paul's was the busiest part of the city. Shopkeepers and traders of all sorts lived over their shops in the streets round about, so that it was always more or less thronged with people, and the preacher was sure to find some to listen to him. Now, take one more look

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at St Paul's. See, there is the balcony where you went yesterday, and there is the clock that made such a noise."

"And there are the pigeons," said Bobby.

"Yes, and here is a motor-bus," said Father. "We will get into this one and it will take us through the Strand."

Bobby jumped into it joyfully. Next to taxis, he liked a motor-bus best, and he was always glad to get into one.

"We are going downhill now," said Father. "St Paul's is built on a hill. This street is one of the oldest in London. It is called Ludgate Hill. No doubt it got its name from the time when London had walls round it, and people came into the city through gates."

"Walls round it!" cried Bobby. "I didn't know London ever had walls round it."

"Ever so long ago, of course," said Father. "But once it was shut in like a garden or a yard. See, now we are coming into Fleet Street. Look at the names over some of these shops. They are nearly all the names of newspapers or magazines. This is where many of the newspapers are written, and so some people call this street the 'ear of England.'"

"What a funny name," said Bobby.

"You hear with your ear, don't you?" said Father. "Well, Fleet Street hears all the news

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from every part of the world, and so it is just like an ear."

"I see," said Bobby. "News comes to it from everywhere, and Fleet Street listens and puts it down in the papers."

Suddenly the bus stopped. In front of it was a heavy cart filled with great big rolls of paper.

"Do you see those rolls of paper?" said Father. "They will all be used up in making newspapers. Even quite a small magazine needs a lot of paper. Look down this little side street, there you can see some men pulling up more rolls of paper by a chain into the warehouse."

"All that paper!" cried Bobby. "What a lot!"

"Oh, that is only a tiny bit," said Father; "whole cartloads of paper are used up every day. Those few rolls won't go very far."

The heavy cart in front moved away; the motor-bus started and passed, and next time the bus pulled up Bobby and his father got out.

"Now come down this little entry," said Father, leading the way under an archway.

They came out on to a wide, flagged space, with houses all round, and hardly any carts or taxis about. "How quiet it is!" said Bobby. "Where are we?"

"This is the Temple," said Father. "Once upon a time the Knights Templars lived here. These houses are very old. Some of them have

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beautiful oak ceilings. Many famous men have occupied them."

"Do people live here now?" said Bobby, staring up at the flat, small windows.

"Yes, people still live here," said Father. "They are nearly all lawyers. Every house has two or three sets of rooms, or chambers, as they are called, and these are let out to different people."

"Why are they nearly all lawyers?" asked Bobby. "Don't other people like this part?"

"Some of them like it very much," said Father. "But for one thing lawyers have had the Temple for hundreds of years, and for another it is a specially good place for them, because the Law Courts, in which they speak, are on the opposite side of Fleet Street, just across the road."

"Were the Knights Templars soldiers?" said Bobby.

"Well——" said Father. "They didn't fight in every kind of a war, but only in the Crusades, when they went abroad to try to get back from the Turks the Tomb of Christ. They were not ordinary soldiers, but were more like monks. There is a church near here where there are some of their tombs. Come and see it."

Father stepped across to a thick wooden door and rang the bell for a guide.

"What a little church!" said Bobby.

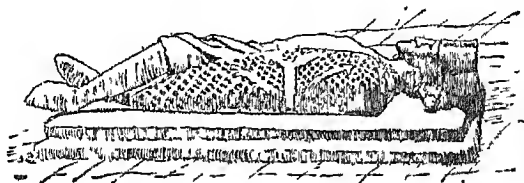
THE NATIONAL GALLERY

"It is very old," said Father. "This is where the Templars used to come to church."

"The soldier monks?" asked Bobby.

"Yes," said Father. "Ah, here is the guide. He will take us round."

The guide took them first of all to a tomb, where he pointed to the stone figure of a knight.



Tomb of a Crusader

"This is the tomb of a soldier monk," he said. "You can tell it by his crossed legs.

"His legs are crossed, and so you know
He went crusading, long ago.

If he went on one crusade his legs were crossed below the knee; if he went twice they were crossed above it. If he didn't fight, his legs were carved straight, side by side with each other."

"Don't the knights look big and strong," said Bobby.

"They were hard fighters," said Father. "But we mustn't stay here long. We had better be going."

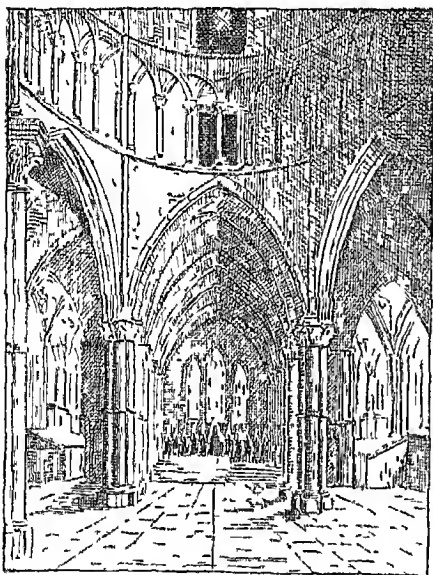
"I suppose you have noticed the shape of the church?" said the guide.

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"Bobby, what shape is the church?" said Father.

Bobby looked about him.

"Round," he said.



Circular Apse, Temple Church

"Yes, it's round," said Father. "Have you seen many round churches?"

"I've never seen one till to-day," said Bobby.

"I thought not," said Father.

"It is a very rare and curious shape. Be sure you don't forget it. You can easily remember it by thinking that the Knights of King

Arthur had a Round Table, and the Knights of the Crusade had a Round Church."

"And when they died they had their legs crossed on their tombs," added Bobby.

"I don't think you are likely to forget that," said Father. "Now say good-bye to our guide, and come along."

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They left the church, crossed the flags, and came out into Fleet Street again.

"Oh, it is noisy," said Bobby.

"You notice it after the quiet of the Temple," said Father. "You'll soon get used to it again. This is what is called the 'roar of London.' Except for an hour or two at dawn, it is like this all the time, and even though it gets quieter towards daylight, the noise never quite stops."

While they were talking, Bobby and his father were walking in the direction of the Strand. As they went along Father pointed out some massive, grey buildings, with beautiful stone archways and decorations on the opposite side of the street.

"Those are the Law Courts," he said. "You see the lawyers from the Temple have only a little way to come. Sometimes you meet some of them in the street wearing their wigs and gowns."

"Don't people stare at them?" said Bobby.

"Most people are too busy to notice," said Father. "See how the people push along. They aren't thinking of much beside their own affairs. Do you see that quiet doorway? Turn into it. Yes, that's right. Now we'll stand here for a minute and look across the road, because it was just here that Temple Bar used to be."

"I've heard of Temple Bar," said Bobby.

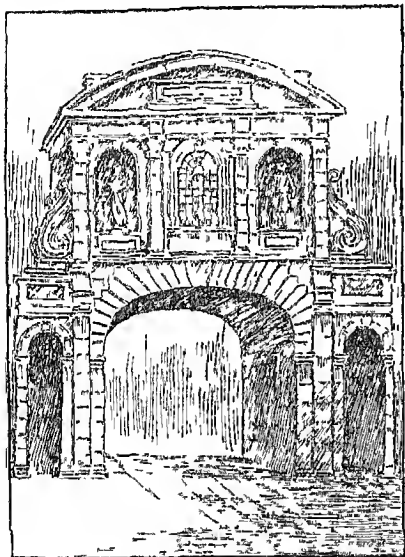
"Then what was it?" asked Father.

Bobby's face fell. "Oh, I don't know that,"

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he said. "Only I thought heads used to be put upon it."

"So they were," said Father. "Temple Bar was an old gate that ran across the road just



Old Temple Bar

where Fleet Street and the Strand join. That's where we are looking now. You see that monument in the middle of the road? The big figure on it is Queen Victoria, and the dragon above it is the griffin, which is the badge of the city. The old gateway was taken down in the reign of Queen Victoria, and that statue was

built on the spot where the gateway used to stand."

"And where were the heads put?" said Bobby.

"On spikes on the top of the gateway," said Father. "But of course that was many years ago. The heads of men who had been executed for high treason were put up there. Often enough a man

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passing from the Strand to Fleet Street must have seen a grim sight on the top of the old gate."

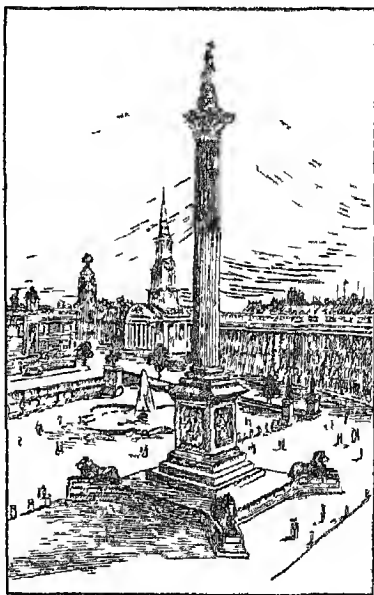
"What a lot of jolly things I'm seeing to-day," said Bobby. "I like this better than just going round one building."

"Do you?" said Father. "You're not too tired? Very well then, we will walk down the Strand to Trafalgar Square."

The street was so crowded with people coming and going, that Bobby and his father could not talk much till they got to the end of it.

"This is Trafalgar Square," said Father.

"Do you see that tall column in the middle? That is the famous Nelson Monument. The little figure on the top is Nelson. It was put up because he won the great battle of Trafalgar against Napoleon in 1805."



Trafalgar Square

"We saw his tomb at St Paul's, didn't we?" said Bobby.

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"Yes; he is buried in St Paul's," said Father. "He died at sea, on board his ship, the *Victory*. Everybody loved him, and even now on the day of his death people bring wreaths and put them on the column, to show he is not forgotten."

"Can we go close to it?" said Bobby.

"Yes; we will cross the street and look at it properly," said Father. "There are some steps leading up to it, with a stone lion at each corner."

"I see them," said Bobby. "Aren't they big? And isn't Nelson high up?"

"That's why he looks so little," said Father. "This is one of the highest columns in London. Now do you see a low building over there?"

"Yes," said Bobby. "Is it a museum?"

"No, a picture gallery," said Father. "It is called the National Gallery. Inside it are many very beautiful pictures. Then just a little way back there is another picture gallery. All the pictures in it are portraits, so it is called the National Portrait Gallery. That's where we are going now, to see some of the pictures painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds."

"The man who was nearly killed in St Paul's Cathedral," said Bobby. "I remember. We saw his tomb there, too."

"Quite right," said Father. "Now come and see some of his pictures," and he led the way to the National Portrait Gallery.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY

The pictures were much more splendid than any Bobby had ever seen before, but long before he had seen them all he was very tired, and he was very glad when father said cheerfully : "Time now for tea."

"Have we to go home before we get tea?" asked Bobby.

"No; we'll go to a shop in the Strand," said Father; "and then we will get a train back from Charing Cross Station."

Chapter VI

WESTMINSTER ABBEY

*Into the Abbey, old and dim,
Went Bobby, with Father after him;
They saw the tombs of some English kings,
The Royal Chair, and all sorts of things.*

ON Saturday morning Bobby and his father set out for the Abbey.

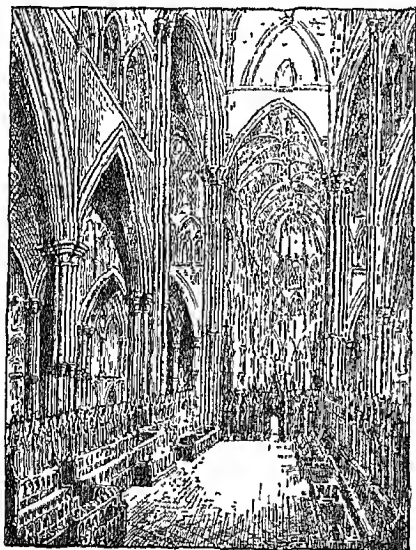
"It's the very oldest building in London," said Father, pointing it out. "More than a thousand years have gone since the first stone was laid. It will take us a long time to see everything. That's why we've come this morning, instead of waiting till the afternoon."

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"It's a church, isn't it?" whispered Bobby, as they stepped inside.

"Yes; the most wonderful church in England," said Father.

Bobby looked round him. He saw he was in a very splendid place, and the hush and quietness made him feel that he did not want to talk much.

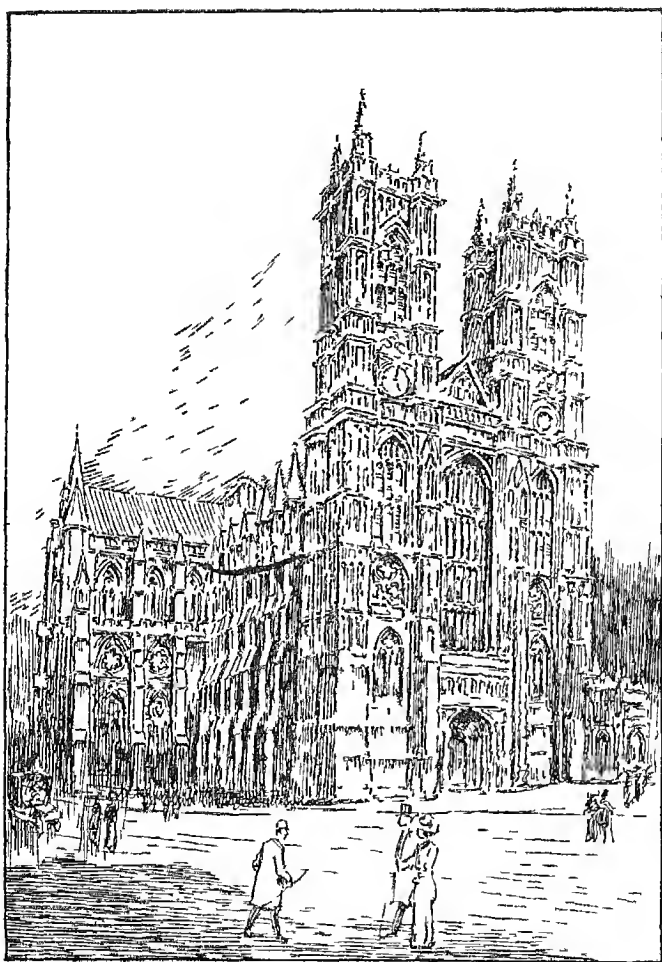


Interior of Westminster Abbey

"Come and see the Poets' Corner," said Father, walking up the aisle, to a place where some monuments stood. "This is where some of our greatest poets are buried. It is a great honour for a man to be buried here, an honour given very seldom."

"Do boys sing here?" asked Bobby, when Father pointed out the choir seats.

"Only boys who have very good voices," said Father. "There are two services here every day, and the music is always beautiful. No boy can sing in the choir unless he has been



Westminster Abbey

THE WONDERS OF LONDON

specially taught for his work at Westminster School."

"I can't sing," said Bobby.

"Then you'll never be a choir-boy," said Father. "See, those other people are getting a guide. We will join their party and go round with them."

Bobby was surprised to find that many of the tombs were built inside little chapels. He liked going from chapel to chapel, looking at the tombs, old with age, and sometimes chipped at the corners. "I think this is nicer than St Paul's," he whispered to Father. "I like going in and out of these little chapels."

"The one we are just coming into is one of the very oldest," said Father. "It is the chapel of Edward the Confessor, who lived before the days of William the Conqueror. Do you see that big wooden chair, with arms to it? That is the famous Coronation Chair. All the kings of England sit in it to be crowned."

"There's a big stone under it," cried Bobby. "Why don't they take that away?"

"Oh, the stone is just as famous as the chair," said Father. "Long ago it belonged to Scotland, and the kings of Scotland were crowned on it. But King Edward the First of England captured it and brought it here."

"When Edward the First was on the throne,
He went to fight at a place called Scone;

WESTMINSTER ABBEY

There he captured the Royal Stone,
And brought it back to keep for his own;
Go to the Abbey; you'll see it there;
Just underneath the Royal Chair."

"I'll remember that," said Bobby. "It used to be at Scone; it was used as a throne; and King Edward took it for his own."

"A long time ago," said Father, "a boy did a very bold thing. He belonged to Westminster School, which is close by. He hid in the Abbey, and was shut up alone all night, and he cut his initials on the Coronation Chair. Everyone was very angry, but he was forgiven, because it must have needed a lot of courage to stay in this great Abbey, alone, all night."

"I shouldn't like to be here at night," said Bobby. "Wouldn't it be cold and dark! I expect he was glad when they let him out next morning."

Of all the chapels that Bobby saw, the most splendid was King Henry the Seventh's, very large, and very lofty, and built a little above the floor of the Abbey.

"Isn't it a splendid roof?" said Father. "See how high it is, and how beautifully carved."

"And aren't there a lot of tombs!" cried Bobby. "Who are buried here?"

"A good many of our sovereigns," said Father. "Listen, the guide is telling us."

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For a long time the guide went on talking, while Bobby and his father and the rest went round looking at the tombs.

"I can't remember all the names," sighed Bobby.

"Remember some of them," said Father. "Mary Queen of Scots, English Queen Mary, Queen Elizabeth, and the two little murdered Princes are all buried here. I'm sure you can remember those."

"Yes, I know those," said Bobby. "Needn't I bother about the rest?"

"Not at present," said Father. "When you are older we'll come here again, and then you will be able to remember more."

Bobby liked looking at the chapels so much that he was quite sorry when they got to the end.

"What shall we do now?" he said. "Have we seen everything?"

"Not quite everything," said Father. "There are the royal wax figures. Quite a lot of people who know the Abbey well have never heard of the wax figures, but I know you will like to see them."

"Are they really wax figures?" said Bobby.

"Wait and see," said Father, and he rang a bell in the wall.

A guide soon came, unlocked a door, and led the way up a little staircase. In a few moments they were in a small, dark room. The guide turned

WESTMINSTER ABBEY

on the light, and then Bobby saw before him five or six of the strangest wax figures he had ever seen. They stood in glass cases, carefully arranged. The clothes they wore were very fine, but much tattered and torn. It was easy to see they were very old and fast getting decayed.

"Who are they?" whispered Bobby.

"One at least you ought to know," said Father. "Look, who is this?"

It was a queen. Bobby knew that much at a glance, and when he looked more closely and saw the yellow, pointed face and the faded finery he knew it was Queen Elizabeth.

"Queen Elizabeth," he said.

"Yes, it's Queen Elizabeth," said Father. "*Doesn't she look old and tawdry? It makes you remember how proud she was of her looks, yet even her finest dresses and most costly jewels could not keep death away from her. This wax figure was made when she died. That is why it looks so old and so strange. All these wax figures are very old:*

"Bright blossoms wither;
Fair flowers fade;
Down in the cold earth,
Princes are laid,
But he who lives well,
Lives on for aye;
People may vanish;
Memories stay."

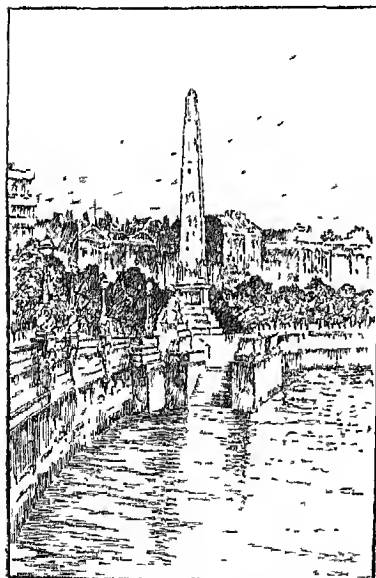
THE WONDERS OF LONDON

Bobby went round the cases, looking at each one in turn. Then the guide turned down the light, and they went down the staircase into the Abbey again.

Bobby sighed when he got to the bottom.

"Those are funny waxworks," he said. "Why do they keep them here?"

"Because they are very old," said Father, "and because they have a history. You see there were



Cleopatra's Needle

no photographs in the days of Elizabeth, and so when people died, their friends often used to take a wax copy of the dead person's face; or else they had his figure carved in stone. That is why on the oldest tombs you usually see stone figures."

"Nearly all the people in the Abbey are going out," said Bobby.

"That's because it is getting late," said

Father. "They are hungry and want something to eat. We're hungry too—so we will go and

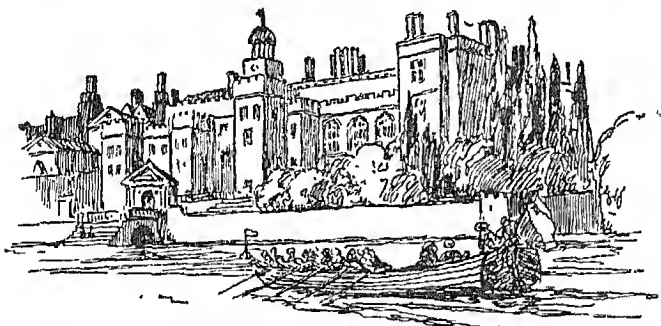
WESTMINSTER ABBEY

have some dinner in one of the shops close by."

After dinner Father took Bobby along the Embankment. The sun was shining and the river was full of boats and barges. Soon they came to Cleopatra's Needle, a great, grey column by the edge of the water.

"It was brought here from Egypt," said Father. "Once it was in a temple; then a foreign prince gave it to England and it was put up here instead."

Soon they passed under Waterloo Bridge, and



Old Somerset House, built 1548

Bobby's father pointed to a huge square building on the left. "That is Somerset House," he said. "Two or three thousand men, women and girls work there every day on Government business." Then he showed Bobby the old water gates, and told him how at one time the river flowed on mud banks by the foot of the building.

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By-and-by they came to another large building. "Look!" said Father. "That is where the people who look after the schools of the London County Council do their work."

"What a big building!" said Bobby.

"Not too big," said Father. "Why, seven hundred thousand boys and girls are taught in the Council Schools of London!"

Bobby sighed.

"London is dreadfully big," he said.

"Indeed it is," said Father. "There are about seven millions of people in it, more than twice as many as there are in any other city in the world."

Chapter VII

WHITEHALL, BUCKINGHAM PALACE AND THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT

*"A palace," thought Bobby, "is always a place
With fountains and flowers and men in gold lace;
Where the king always sits on a golden chair,
With courtiers to wait on him everywhere";
And so he was disappointed a bit
When Father said to him, "Look! that's it!"*

BY Monday Bobby was quite ready to set off again.

"Which station are we going to this afternoon?" he asked.

WHITEHALL

"Charing Cross," said Father.

"I like Charing Cross best," said Bobby.

"You ought to know your way about it by now," said Father. "Do you know Charles Dickens lived in a house near there when he was a little boy? He was very poor, and earned his living by sticking paper covers on to pots of blacking."

"Why, I thought he wrote books!" cried Bobby.

"So he did," said Father. "That was afterwards. He became both famous and rich by his books, but when he was a little boy he had to work very hard for very little pay."

"Where are we going now?" asked Bobby.

"To Whitehall first of all," said Father. "We'll walk to it. It is not very far. You'll see some soldiers there."

Bobby kept looking round him eagerly till at last he spied two finely dressed soldiers on horseback, each in a small archway. "I see the soldiers!" he cried. "We went past them the day we went to the Abbey."

Father stopped for a minute while Bobby looked round him.

"Are the soldiers there always?" he asked.

"Always," said Father. "Not the same two, of course. They change places with other soldiers. They are Lifeguardsmen; you can tell that by their helmets and their uniform."

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"Why do they stand here?" said Bobby. "Is it a palace?"

"Buckingham Palace is not far away," said Father. "Once the palace of Whitehall stood here, but now the only bit left is the Banqueting Room. Someone was once beheaded in the street here. Can you tell me who?"

Bobby thought for a minute.

"Anyone important?" he asked.

"Very important," said Father. "The most important man in the country."

"A lord?" asked Bobby.

"Higher than that," said Father.

"Higher than a lord," said Bobby. "Oh, I know; King Charles the First."

"Yes," said Father. "This is where he was beheaded; just opposite to where the soldiers are keeping guard."

"On this spot was slain a king;
Softly tread;
It was here that Charles the First
Lost his head."

Bobby looked round in some surprise. "It's just an ordinary street," he said.

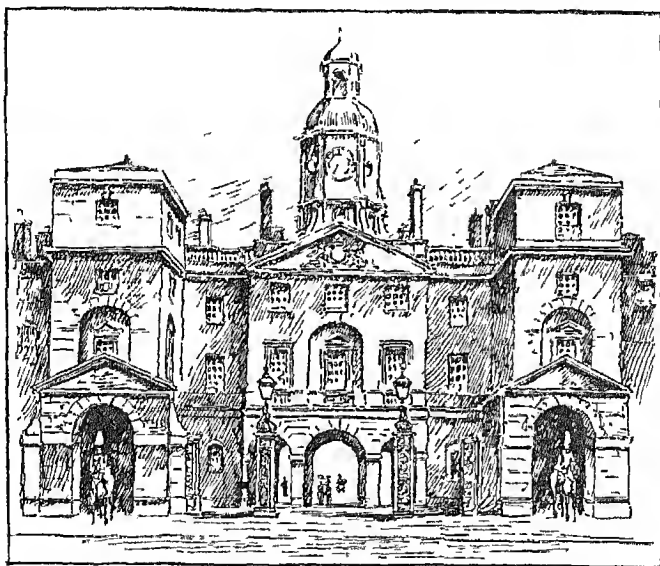
"Quite ordinary," said Father. "But all the same it is a street with a history, and so a street to be remembered."

They crossed the street, and to Bobby's delight

WHITEHALL

they went through the archway between the two sentries. Then they crossed a courtyard, went through another archway, and came out into a wide, open space.

"This is called the Horse Guards' Parade," said Father. "Those two soldiers we passed belong



The Horse Guards

to the Life Guards regiment, and this is where the troops meet to drill. Just beyond here is St James's Park, leading to Buckingham Palace. Those long, low buildings behind us are offices belonging to the Government. Do you see those wires right up on the roof of that far one? That

THE WONDERS OF LONDON

is the place where wireless messages are heard. The men in that office look after the Navy, and to-day they can very quickly receive news of what is happening in most places in the world. People in London did not learn of the battle of Trafalgar until a fortnight after it had been fought and won, but now we could soon get a wireless message from these wires if anything should happen."

Bobby looked up with awe at the tall steel masts and wires. "Would messages come the same day?" he said.

"Yes," said Father, "the same hour."

By this time they had got into St James's Park, where they stopped for a few minutes to look at the pelicans and strange water-fowl. "This is one of the nicest parks in London," said Father. "It is an old one too. King Charles the Second used to come here to feed the ducks."

Bobby laughed. "I didn't know kings did nice things like that," he said. "I thought they mostly stayed in their palaces."

"Not always," said Father. "King Charles was very fond of coming here.

"King Charles the Second often came here,
To feed the ducks in the water clear;
Courtiers, princes, and ladies fair
Came with the sovereign to take the air."

After they had gone on a few more steps, Father

BUCKINGHAM PALACE

pointed to a big building and said: "There is Buckingham Palace."

"That!" cried Bobby, very disappointed. "Why, it is just like a big house. I thought it would look like a castle."

"Windsor Castle does," said Father. "This is only a town house for the king. It is said to be very splendid inside."

Bobby didn't answer. He was very disappointed. Buckingham Palace did not seem to him half grand enough for a king.

Father led the way to an enormous white marble monument, at the top of the park, and opposite the palace windows.

"This is quite new," he said. "It was only put up a little while ago. It is called the Victoria Memorial. There is the figure of the Queen."

Bobby glanced at it, then his eye fell on the marble basin filled with water, running right round the statue. The sun was shining on it, and it looked cool and beautiful.

"It's nearly as big as a lake," said Bobby. "Wouldn't my goldfish like a swim in it? Are there any goldfish here?"

"Not here," said Father. "Well, have you seen enough of the palace? Then we'll go back the way we came, and then on to the Houses of Parliament."

Down the park, past the pelicans, past the

THE WONDERS OF LONDON

Government offices, through the archway, and past the sentinels they went. "Here we are in Whitehall again," said Father. "I came this way because I want you to see Downing Street, where the Prime Minister lives."

"Is it far?" said Bobby.

"Quite close," said Father. "We're nearly there. Here it is; this narrow, dark-looking street."

"Is that Downing Street!" said Bobby. "And the Prime Minister lives there! Well, Buckingham Palace isn't a bit like I thought it would be, and now this!"

"What did you expect?" said Father.

"Oh, gardens, and fountains, and a marble house, and things like that," said Bobby. "It's just an ordinary house."

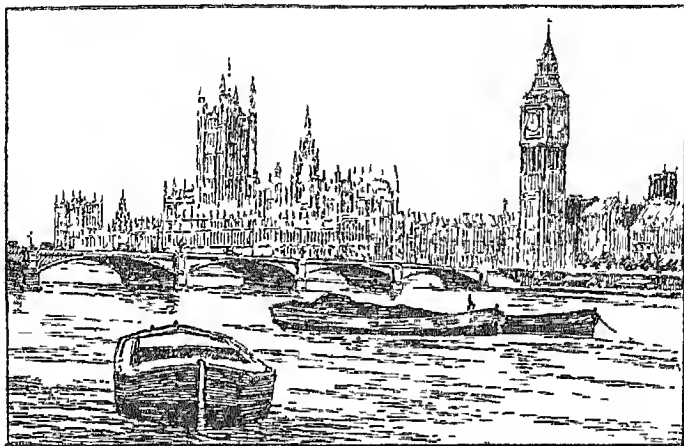
"It is a very famous house," said Father. "All sorts of great men have passed through that doorway. A great deal of history has happened inside that quiet-looking house. It may look ordinary from the outside, but its story is a very extraordinary one."

They had not gone very much farther when Bobby called out: "Why! there's the Abbey."

"Yes, this is Westminster," said Father. "There are the Houses of Parliament just opposite to the Abbey, and that great clock on the tower is called 'Big Ben.' The House of Lords and the House of

HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT

Commons are both in that building. We are going into the House of Commons. This way."



The Houses of Parliament

Some policemen were standing in front of the door. Bobby drew a little nearer to Father. Up steps, past a policeman, through a hall, past more policemen, they went. Then they came into a long vestibule filled with statues of great men. They passed this, and came into a second hall, where a number of people were standing about.

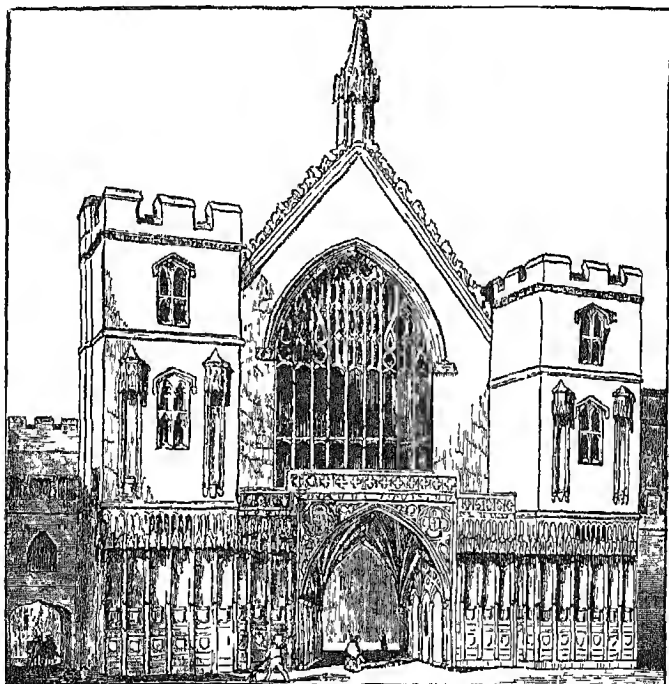
"We must wait here for a bit," said Father. Then he wrote his name on a bit of paper and gave it to a policeman, telling him to take it to his friend, Mr X., Member of Parliament for No-shire.

"Why can't we go in?" asked Bobby.

THE WONDERS OF LONDON

"Because we are not Members of Parliament," said Father. "We must wait now till Mr X. comes out, and then he will take us round."

It happened that Mr X. was not busy, so he



Westminster Hall

soon came out, and looked round for Bobby and his father. Bobby knew him well, and liked him very much.

"We're here!" called out Bobby.

HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT

Mr X. heard him and smiled. "There you are," he said. "So you've come to see the House; come along, come along."

He swept them with him down the corridor, and Bobby felt suddenly a very important person.

"The old palace of Westminster used to stand here," said Mr X. "It was burnt down in the days of the early Tudors. The only parts left are Westminster Hall, built by William the Second, and St Stephen's Chapel, built by King Stephen, in memory of Stephen the Martyr. I daresay you've heard the House of Commons sometimes called St Stephen's. It is because of the chapel with that name. Now look, this is Westminster Hall." Bobby looked and saw a splendid hall with a high, beautiful roof. "King Charles the First was tried here," said Mr X. He pointed to a brass plate. "That is where he stood when he was sentenced to death."

"I've been to see the place where he was beheaded," said Bobby.

"Ah, Whitehall," said Mr X. "That's not far away. "What else have you seen?"

"Lots of things," said Bobby, telling him some of them.

"Have you seen Big Ben?" asked Mr X. "No? It is the clock on one of the towers here. Its clapper weighs about fourteen tons, so you may

THE WONDERS OF LONDON

imagine how big it is. Now come along, there are a lot more things I want to show you."

For an hour they went round with Mr X. They peeped inside the House, where the Members were sitting. Mr X. whispered a rhyme to Bobby :

"I have brought you here because
This is where men make the laws ;
See the Speaker in his chair ;
See the Members everywhere ;
On the table, in its place,
Lies the famous royal Mace,
Badge of office ; sign of power ;
It will lie there till the hour
When the Speaker leaves his seat,
Then it goes till Commons meet."

"This is what I always tell to everyone I bring round here," he said. "Be sure you don't forget it."

"Which is the Speaker ?" asked Bobby softly.

"The gentleman wearing knee-breeches and a sword," said Mr X. ; "and there's the mace on the table in front of him. Once when Oliver Cromwell was very angry with the Parliament he turned all the Members out, and pointed to the mace and said : 'Take away that bauble.'"

"Did that mean Parliament was over ?" asked Bobby.

"All over," said Mr X. "Ended, till Oliver

THE BRITISH MUSEUM

Cromwell said there should be another. But of course it all happened a long time ago."

From here Mr X. took them to see the Library, the Dining Room, the Terrace, the Royal Gallery through which the King goes to the House of Lords when he is opening Parliament, and everything else that there is to be seen.

"You've been very kind to us," said Bobby's father to Mr X.

"Thank you very much," put in Bobby.

"Nonsense! Very glad to have seen you," said Mr X. "Hope to see Bobby here some day as a Member. Well, good-bye."

They said good-bye and came away. "Did you like it?" said Father.

"I should think so," said Bobby. "It's splendid."

Chapter VIII

THE BRITISH MUSEUM

*Here are games and here are toys
Used by Roman girls and boys,
Life was just the same, you know,
Though they lived so long ago.*

ON Tuesday morning Bobby and his father set out for the British Museum.

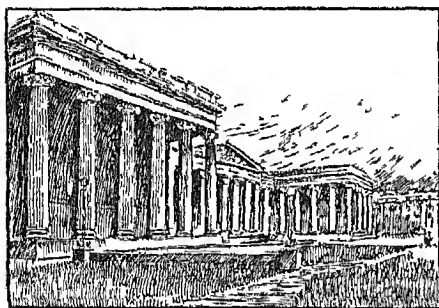
"I daresay you'll like this better than anything," said Father. "We've come early because there are such a lot of nice things to see."

THE WONDERS OF LONDON

"Oh, look! pigeons!" cried Bobby, as they turned in at the gateway. "What a lot of pigeons there are in London. People must be fond of them."

"Aren't they tame?" said Father. "See, they don't fly away even when we go quite close to them. Give them that bit of biscuit, and then we'll go inside."

"What are we going to see first?" said Bobby, as they went up the wide steps.



Entrance to British Museum

"Some ancient toys," said Father. "They are hundreds and hundreds of years old. Once they belonged to Greek and Roman children, and so they are in the room

called "Greek and Roman Life."

"I'd like to see them," said Bobby. "I didn't know there were toys in those days."

"Didn't you?" said Father. "Well, come and see. This is the room. We'll begin at this side and go right round, and then end up with the toys. Do you see these great jars, and these wreaths of faded flowers? They were used at funerals.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM

After the bodies of the dead had been burnt the ashes were gathered up and put inside urns. If you look inside this one with its lid taken off, you will see some ashes quite plainly."

Bobby peeped through the glass case into the jar, and saw what looked like cinders. "And was that really once a person?" he said, in a half-frightened tone. "Were they always shut up in urns like that?"

"Very nearly always," said Father. "Rich men used to have very beautiful urns, and poor people had to be content with quite common ones. As we go through the Museum you will see that the jars are of all sorts and sizes. There are two small coins lying beside the urn opposite to us. Do you see them? Do you know what they are?"

"I see them," said Bobby. "But I don't know why they are there."

"I'll tell you," said Father. "The Romans used to believe that after death they were ferried by a boatman named Charon to a land on the other side of the river Styx. Well, if you have a boatman you must pay him, and so the mourners used to place two or three coins inside the urn as a gift for Charon.

"Charon, Charon, ancient boatman,
Ferried men across the burn;
Therefore coins were put to pay him
In a Roman's funeral urn."

THE WONDERS OF LONDON

Father moved on a little. "The next case will show you more joyful things. See these gongs and bells? They were used in dances and games. There are some double pipes, like a flute. Do you see them? And that V-shaped instrument just by is a lyre. Now come here next, and look at this stone mill. It shows you how they ground their corn." Bobby looked at the mill. It looked like two thick, round, flat stones, placed on top of each other, with a hole in the middle and a socket at the side.

"There's a picture of a thing like that in my book on India," said Bobby.

"Yes, the same thing is still used in India," said Father. "It is worked from the middle with a stick fastened to a handle. Women sit on the ground and turn the handle round and round, and then the corn comes out in a flat mass from between the two stones."

The next case showed Bobby the tools the Romans used when they were building houses or ships. There were scales, showing how they weighed things, and a model of a figure ploughing.

A little farther on they came to a case filled with strange-looking instruments something like coal-tongs.

"You'll never be able to guess what these are," said Father.

"Coal-tongs," said Bobby promptly.

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"Not at all," said Father. "They are what the Romans used for scraping their bodies. Romans were very fond of taking baths, and young Romans used to scrape their bodies with those strigils, as they are called."

"They'd be worse than a loofah," said Bobby.

"Far worse," said Father. "They are really more like a razor."

"Shall we go on to the next case now?" said Bobby.

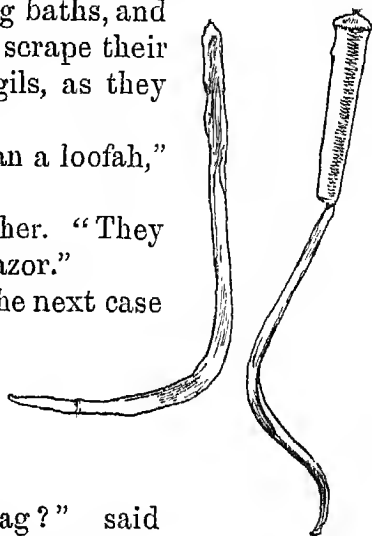
"Wait a minute," said Father. "Do you see these earthen bottles?"

"Shaped like a bag?" said Bobby. "They can't stand up, because their ends are pointed."

"Yes, they are wine bottles, those big ones," said Father. The little ones in front of them are tear bottles."

"Oh, I've heard of tear bottles," said Bobby. "How queer people must have looked crying into a bottle."

"It was the custom," said Father, "and when things are the custom, they don't seem strange. Now go on to the next case. What can you see there?"



Roman Strigils

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"Ladles," said Bobby, "and pots and pans."

"These are the dishes used by the Roman women in cooking," said Father. "Do you see a tripod with a metal dish on top? That is a stand for fire. The coal used to be put in that metal pan on the tripod, and then the cook used to stand by it and cook the food over the flames. Just over here is another kind of fireplace. This is lower and bigger. It is a 'brazier,' and was used for heating rooms. That big mouldy oval box near it was once a coal-box, and there are the tongs and poker close by."

"Why, they had lots of things that we have," cried Bobby. "I didn't think they had pokers and coal-boxes and saucepans and things like that."

"Nearly everything we use, they used, all those hundreds of years ago," said Father. "They were quite as clever and as particular as we are to-day. In many ways their lives were just like ours. Cross over to the next case now. It will show you some of the out-of-door games."

Bobby ran to the next case. "Oh, a helmet!" he cried. "What a beauty! Why has it got that wreath of golden leaves round it?"

"That's the helmet of a conqueror," said Father. "See how finely the leaves are cut, and they are just as bright now as when they were first made, nearly five hundred years before Christ was born."

THE BRITISH MUSEUM

"It's a beauty," said Bobby. "Are those leggings under it?"

"Yes," said Father, "and toe-pieces to fasten on top of sandals. Do you see those two stones with hollowed-out pieces on one side? Can you guess what they are?"

Bobby looked hard at them. They were almost the shape of knuckle-bones, but much larger. "They look to me just like ordinary stones with a hole in them," he said at last.

"That's not much of a guess," said Father. "They were jumping-weights, or dumb-bells. When a man was going to jump, he held one of the stones in each of his hands behind him, and that helped him to jump farther."

"Really?" said Bobby. "I'll try that next time I'm going to jump."

"Only be careful not to let anyone stand behind you," said Father. "Or else you might hurt him badly. There are some small stones here,—look, they look like long caramels. Those were once theatre tickets. And that rattle with three iron bars across it was a rattle used by men when they were bringing sacrifices to the gods. Look at the wall above the cases on the opposite side. There's a picture there, a fresco, with a man and a goat on it."

"I see it," said Bobby.

"The man is bringing up the goat to be sacri-

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ficed," said Father. "Just in front is a picture of a tripod. The dish is full of coal; the flames are rising up. The goat will be killed. Then portions of it will be taken up in tongs by the man who is sacrificing, and he will offer it to the goddess, and at the same time announce his sacrifice by shaking his rattle."

"We've been right round now," said Bobby.

"Then we'll go and look at the toys," said Father. "They are in the middle case in front of the urns and wreaths."

Bobby ran across to the case and looked in.

"It's awfully jolly," he said, when Father came



Doll



Stone Animal

up. "There are little dolls and stone animals, and all sorts of things."

"Do you see these little china shoes?" said Father. "And see how nicely the dolls are jointed. They have nearly all been taken out of the urns of

THE BRITISH MUSEUM

children who died young. Their favourite toys were often buried with them, and so they have been preserved."

"They are not so big as our toys now," said Bobby. "They are nearly all quite little."

"Well, of course most of our toys would decay with time," said Father. "It is only the stone and metal ones that last. Perhaps the Romans had other toys, about which we know nothing; though it is unlikely they had so many as we have. Children were treated more like grown-up people; they weren't expected to play very much."

"Here's a slate," cried Bobby; "a proper one with a wooden frame."

"It was covered with wax," said Father, "and when the schoolboy wanted to write he scratched the wax with an iron pen."

"Then that's writing, is it?" said Bobby, looking at the scratches on the slate.

"Yes," said Father. "On some of the slates there are figures, and on one there's a drawing, all done many hundreds of years ago."

Bobby walked slowly round the case, looking at everything. Then he came back to Father.

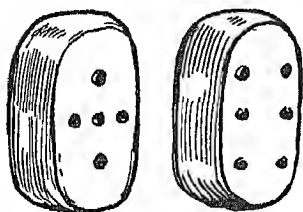
"There are some things like jack-stones over here," he said.

Father went to see. "Oh, those are a kind of dice," he said. "They evidently made up a game. Come across to this other case, where we

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looked at the wreaths, and I'll show you a game of the same kind."

Bobby followed Father to the opposite wall-case, where a flat stone about the size of a draughtboard stood against the wall.



Roman Dice

"Do you see those bronze counters?" said Father.

"They were used in this game, which was evidently something like Ludo. If

you look at the stone board carefully you will see some words on it. When it was first made there were six words on it, and each one had six letters in it. Some of them have got worn away with time, but you can see two of them quite plainly."

"C-i-r-c-u-s, circus; C-l-a-m-o-r, clamor," read out Bobby.

"Quite right," said Father. "Evidently those names had something to do with the game. It must have been a race game, and the words were special places. So you see, even in games the Romans were at least as clever as we are."

"I suppose they were," said Bobby. "I never thought so until I came here."

Father pulled out his watch. "What time do you think it is?" he asked.

"Twelve o'clock," said Bobby.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM

"Very nearly one," said Father; "and I am hungry."

"I'm not," said Bobby; "only a little tiny bit."

"You will be when you see some dinner," said Father. "We'll go and get some now. We need not go outside to get it; there is a refreshment room inside the Museum."

"A refreshment room all to itself!" cried Bobby. "Then the Museum must be very big."

"It is," said Father. "Hundreds of people come here every day to read in the library or look up difficult questions, and so it is very convenient for them to be able to get what they want to eat without going far away."

"Can we stay here all afternoon?" said Bobby.

"We'll stay here till five," said Father, "and by then I daresay you will be quite ready to go home."

Chapter IX

THE BRITISH MUSEUM AGAIN

*All over the world, in out-of-way places,
You'll find if you go, some very odd races.*

I'D like to see the mummies," said Bobby, as soon as he had finished his dinner.

"You've seen mummies before," said Father. "So we will only spend a little time there, and then go on to something else."

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"I like mummies," said Bobby.

"Very well; we will go there first," said Father.
"But we won't stay more than a few minutes."

"Long minutes, then," said Bobby. "Some minutes are shorter than others."

"But you want to see some of the other things, don't you?" said Father. "Ah, here we are; these are the mummies." Bobby looked, and saw a whole roomful.

"What a lot!" he cried. "Oh, how nice!"

"Some of them are very old," said Father.
"Quite six thousand years ago the Egyptians used to put spices into the bodies of dead people, and preserve them as mummies."

"Six thousand years!" echoed Bobby. "What a terribly long time ago."

"It cost a lot of money," said Father. "The richer the man the dearer the spices and wrappings that were used. Sometimes as much as four hundred yards of linen were needed for the bandages, so that by itself would cost a good deal. Then when the body was quite ready, it was put into a coffin, made either of wood or of stone. A rich man was usually put into a stone one, which was splendidly carved."

"Then was the stone coffin buried?" asked Bobby.

"No," said Father. "It was put into a large chamber or vault. Close to the dead man

THE BRITISH MUSEUM

was put a roll with some words from a sacred book, some jars filled with wine, some dishes of food, and some of the things the dead man had most prized when alive. In each corner of the vault was a high and costly jar, containing parts of the body of the dead man, carefully preserved in spices. These jars were supposed to be an offering to the deities of the dead man. Then last of all four wax figures were placed round the coffin, to do the work of the dead man in the world where he had gone."

"Fancy having all those things in a tomb!" said Bobby. "Dishes of food, bottles of wine, wax figures to do work, great big jars in the corners, a piece of a book, and all the things you had liked best. I'd have my new watch and my sword buried with me. What would you have, father?"

"We're not ancient Egyptians," said Father, "so we needn't think about such things. It's more than half-past two now. You've seen enough mummies for to-day. Come and see something else."

Bobby sighed. He always thought mummies the best part of a museum. Then suddenly he remembered the swords, and he followed Father quite cheerfully. They went from room to room, and Bobby saw far more wonderful things than he had ever seen before. He saw early weapons/

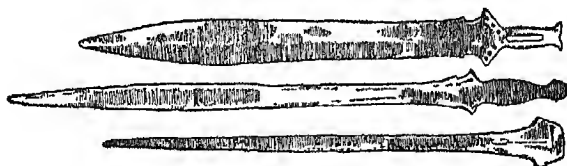
THE WONDERS OF LONDON

made of stone; a stone axe with a wooden handle and strong leather binding on it; flint heads of all sizes. Then there were long bronze swords, used in England years and years ago; bronze spear-heads; beautiful round bronze shields with beading on them; and best of all, a very long state sword. Near to this sword he saw the charms worn by pilgrims: the scallop shell of those going to the shrine of St James in Spain, and the bell worn by those who journeyed to Canterbury. Then there were thumb-screws from Scotland; and some great wooden nut-crackers, lying close by. All these things Bobby saw and liked.



Bone
Arrow-
head

"There is another room I particularly want you



Bronze Swords

to see," said Father. "It is full of things that show you what men are like all over the world, and:

"You'll find, if you look
At the things in this hall,
Many men in the world
Are not like us at all"

As soon as Bobby caught sight of the gallery he

THE BRITISH MUSEUM

knew he would like it. There were all sorts of gay clothes, spears, weapons, feathers and strange head-dresses. On the top of some of the cases were wooden figures, showing what the savages in far-off islands used to look like. Then near to them were models of dragons and other fierce creatures. In one case there was a tomahawk, and a splendid adze made of a stone called jade, set into a carved wooden handle, ornamented with some bright feathers and a tuft of white hair.

In the New Zealand cases were some odd-looking heads.

"Look at these masks," said Bobby.

"They are not masks," said Father. "They are dried human heads. Look at the hair,—all very black, but some is straight and some is curly. And the teeth, aren't they white and strong?"

"I didn't know they were really human heads," said Bobby, gazing at them with awe. "The skin doesn't look like skin. I thought it was leather. Who were they?"

"Maoris," said Father. "People who lived in New Zealand before the white man went there. There are still some of the natives left, but not nearly so many as there used to be. If you come along to this next case you will see some of the feather head-dresses they used to wear."

Bobby went to look inside the case Father pointed out, and there he saw some splendid bunches

THE WONDERS OF LONDON

of feathers. Some of them were carefully arranged in the shape of a woman's head comb, and looked very beautiful, especially one that was made of dark green-black plumes, very long and very glossy.

"You've heard of the Sandwich Islands, haven't you?" said Father.

"I've heard their name," said Bobby, "but I don't know where they are."

"A long way from here. Off the west coast of America. The people living there are savages, and in these cases you will see some of the idols they used once to worship."

"Idols!" said Bobby. "Are those idols?" He pointed to some huge wooden figures, made of red fluffy stuff, and carelessly shaped like an animal's head, with two bits of mother-of-pearl for eyes. They looked like gigantic toys, very soft to feel and very gay to look at.

"I always thought idols were made of stone or wood," said Bobby.

Many of them are," said Father. "But the savages in these far-away islands were very ignorant, and these curious figures were the best idea they had of a god."

Not far from the idols stood a model of a Samoan hut. It was round and roomy, built on strong poles, placed in a circle. The roof was thatched, probably with the branches of trees, and these were put on in layers, each layer jutting out

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a little farther than the last, so that the bottom layer hung slightly over the posts that held up the roof. Bobby thought it was a very jolly house, and he stayed looking at it for quite a long time. Then he went to look at some daggers, set with sharks' teeth. The handles were fairly long, and the daggers were broad and flat, with several sharp white teeth fastened at the edge of either side. After Bobby had seen these he went on to see some beautiful costumes that had once been worn by North American Indians.

"It must have been awfully nice to be a Red Indian chief," said Bobby, with a sigh. "They had such jolly tomahawks and feathers, and cloaks, and things."

"What do you think of these?" said Father, going to another case and pointing out some masks inlaid with tiny bits of blue stone.

"What are they?" said Bobby.

"Mexican masks," said Father. "The bits of blue are turquoise laid upon wood. They are beautifully made. I have never seen any others quite so splendid."

"And such a lot of them!" said Bobby. "They must have used them a good deal."

"No doubt they belonged to the chiefs," said Father. "But we must go on. It is getting late. There is a very big model of an Indian sacred car over here; I want you to see it."

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"Is this it?" said Bobby, stopping in front of a case, standing in the middle of the room.

"That's it," said Father. "Look at the gay roof with all those little flags on it, and then look inside the car; it's just like a room in a palace. See the men standing there, waiting upon the god. The place of honour is inside the car, upon that little platform at the back."

"It's very high off the ground," said Bobby. "The legs of the horses are in the air."

"So they are," said Father. "They are much higher than the wheels. Of course it wouldn't be like that in real life. The horses would have to be on the ground, or they couldn't pull the car along."

"Where did it come from?" said Bobby, spelling out the word. "The Carnatic? Where's that?"

"The south part of India," said Father. "Look it up in the atlas when you get home. You'll find it near to the bottom of the map."

Father looked at his watch. "We've just time to peep into the Anglo-Saxon Room," he said, "and then we'll walk through the Book Room, and then we must go home."

"The Anglo-Saxon Room," said Bobby. "That's our room, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Father. "All English boys and girls ought to come to see it."

"What shall we see in it?" asked Bobby.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM

"Knives, and spears, and swords, and ornaments, and cooking vessels," said Father. "Here we are.

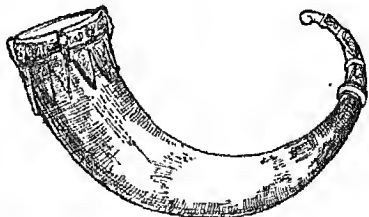


Anglo-Saxon Necklace

Now we'll go round, and you can see how many of the things you recognize at sight."

"Knives," said Bobby, going to one case.

"And brooches," said Father, peeping into another. "Come and look at these, Bobby; these are ornaments that have been taken out of a grave. They were buried with the man, and dug up years afterward." Bobby looked, and saw a buckle of gold, a bronze vase, some gold thread, a drinking horn and some bone counters.



Saxon Drinking Horn

"I suppose there aren't any Anglo-Saxon mummies?" he said.

THE WONDERS OF LONDON

"No," said Father. "The mummies all belong to Egypt. The early Anglo-Saxons buried their dead in the ground, often enough without any kind of a coffin."

"And the Romans burnt theirs, and put the ashes in urns," said Bobby. "Everybody did differently."

"And yet remains from the graves of each have been brought to the same museum," said Father: "the coins out of the Roman urns; the jars and dishes from the Egyptian tombs; and the brooches and buckles from the Anglo-Saxon barrows."

"*Barrows!*" cried Bobby. "The things you use in the garden?"

"Not at all," said Father. "An Anglo-Saxon barrow is a heap of earth, usually containing graves, so that's why I used the word. It has nothing to do with the barrow you wheel up and down a garden."

"Where are we going next?" said Bobby.

"To the books and manuscripts," said Father. "But we have very little time. When you are older I will bring you here again, and then you'll understand the books better than you can do now. I think you will like the illustrated books best; we'll go there first."

On the way they went through a gallery, where they stopped three times, once to look at some

THE BRITISH MUSEUM

music ; once to see an old map ; and once to look at some stamps.

"This music," said Father, "was written by Handel, a great musician. It is part of the *Messiah*, one of his greatest works."

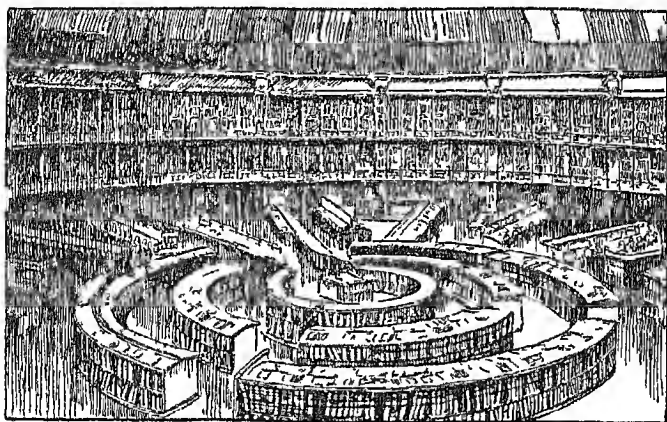
Bobby looked at it, but it did not interest him much, though he saw it must be something great because his father was so pleased to see it. "Then there are some old maps," said Father. "This is Great Britain. See how different it looks from our maps now. The shape is quite wrong in many places. No one knew exactly how the coast went." Close to the maps were some little handles on what looked like very thin drawers. Father pulled one of these handles, and out came a long glass case filled with postage stamps. There were lots of them, and Bobby would have liked to stop a long time looking at the different kinds.

In the next room they saw some beautiful books, bound in splendid covers, and illuminated with gold, and bright blues and reds. The book Bobby thought the finest was a copy of the Gospels in Latin, bound in a metal cover, with some coloured gems set along the edges.

"Near by there," said Father, "is the room where some of the most famous manuscripts in the country are kept. You can see the signatures of all the British sovereigns from Richard the

THE WONDERS OF LONDON

Second to Victoria; the great Magna Charta, sealed by King John; the death warrant of King Charles the First, and the handwriting of many of our greatest men. There is also the famous Reading Room, where every day hundreds of



British Museum—Reading Room

people come to study. It is one of the largest and best libraries in the world."

"I should like to see it," said Bobby.

"Next time," said Father. "The British Museum is much too big to see in a day. We've been here for a good many hours; we must go now. We will get one of the Tube trains and then we shall not waste time."

IN THE TUBE

Chapter X

IN THE TUBE

*"What is a Tube?" said Bobby, "Oh!
Here is a lift. Then down we go,
Here is the platform, and there the train,
Now we are safe from the wind and rain."*

WHY is this called a Tube?" Bobby whispered, as they went down in the lift.

"You'll see in a minute," said Father. "We get out now. Keep along this passage; this way; here we are on the platform."

Bobby looked round him. "You didn't tell me why it is called a Tube," he said.

"Can't you tell? Look at the shape of the low roof. There is only room for one train at a time. Trains never pass each other. Each train keeps inside its own little tunnel or tube."

"I see!" cried Bobby. "The tunnel is the tube and the train fits into it. Oh, how funny! I didn't know there were any railways like this."

"There are plenty in London," said Father. "They go almost everywhere, and very quickly. Here's our train. Get in."

They got in, and in a few minutes they were at Charing Cross Station.

THE WONDERS OF LONDON

"It's nearly as nice as a taxi," said Bobby, as they got out. "Only it is rather hot, and you can't see what is happening in the streets. Shall we be able to go in another Tube before we go back from London?"

"Two or three if you like," said Father. "It is a nice quick way of getting about. Now, here's our train for Sydenham; the last train for us to-day."

Chapter XI

FROM THE MARBLE ARCH TO THE BANK

*Ring, Bow Bells, a welcome;
Bobby's come to town;
Ring as when Dick Whittington
Set his bundle down,*

WE'VE been spending most of our time inside buildings," said Father on Thursday afternoon, "so to-day we will keep more in a motor-bus and see something of the streets."

A bus came up; they got in, and soon reached Piccadilly Circus.

"Oh!" cried Bobby, "what crowds of people! And they are going in ever so many ways. Don't they look mixed up? Look at the taxis, Father,

THE MARBLE ARCH

and at the buses and the carts! I've never seen such a lot at once before."

Just then a policeman stepped into the middle of the road, right in front of Bobby's motor-bus.

"Now we'll have to stop," said Father.

The motor-bus pulled up.

"Isn't it jolly the way everything stops when a policeman holds up his hand in the road," cried Bobby. "Can I be a policeman when I'm grown up?"

"If you were in the policeman's place you wouldn't like it," said Father. "He has to stand there for hours, and he has to get used to the noise and the continual passing of the traffic. It looks very fine from here, but by the time you're grown up I daresay you'll like something else."

"I don't think I shall," said Bobby. "I'd rather stand in the road than do anything else."

"Well, we'll see," said Father. "Now we're moving again. Look, we are coming into Regent Street. These high, cream-coloured shops on the left, in the shape of a half-moon, look very fine, don't they? This is one of the favourite shopping streets. At the top end we will get into Oxford Circus and Oxford Street."

At Oxford Circus they got out. "We'll walk from here to the Marble Arch," said Father. "This way; down this hill. This is the old road

THE WONDERS OF LONDON

to Oxford. Coaches used to come down here, and it was once just a country lane, with ditches, and hedges, and inches of mud.

"Bump, bump, goes the coach;
Oh, the road is so rough!
Please, coachman, make haste;
I've had quite enough."

"I suppose that was hundreds and hundreds of years ago?" said Bobby.

"Not so many hundreds," said Father. "Two hundred years ago Oxford Street was quite a lane. It has grown up very quickly. Now there are houses for miles beyond here."

On either side of the street were fine shops. Bobby liked looking in the windows, and he saw several things he would have liked to buy.

"We're going to the Marble Arch, aren't we?" said Bobby presently. "Where is it, and what is it like?"

"It is a great archway, on the outskirts of Hyde Park," said Father. "It's not far from here. It's a landmark in London; everybody knows it."

"I can see it," cried Bobby by-and-by. "There it is." He pointed to an archway standing back from the road.

"That's it," said Father. "Once it used to be outside Buckingham Palace; then it was brought to Oxford Street. First of all it used to be a gate-

THE MARBLE ARCH

way to the Park, and the Park railings, instead of being where they are now, joined on to the Marble Arch in the road. But not long ago the railings were moved back, to give more room, and the Arch was left standing by itself in that wide space where you see it, now."

"Some of the buses have got 'Marble Arch' on them," said Bobby.

"Yes; that's because it is a landmark," said Father: "the Marble Arch at this end, the Bank at the other."

"Have I seen the Bank?" asked Bobby.

"No, but we are just going there. We'll get into a bus, and then you can see the streets as we go along."

The bus went in a straight line, up the hill over which Bobby and his father had walked, through Oxford Circus, and then straight on. There were shops on each side all the way.

"Oxford Street, New Oxford Street, Holborn," said Father. "We're going across Holborn Viaduct now. Look, you can see that we are on a bridge; there's another street far below you."

"I see it," said Bobby. "A street underneath and a street above. How many streets are there altogether in London?"

"I can't tell you," said Father. "Thousands at least. This one is called Cheapside. This is

THE WONDERS OF LONDON

where the bells rang when Dick Whittington heard them in the distance saying :

" Turn again, turn again,
Lord Mayor of London."

" Were they real bells ? " asked Bobby.

" Of course," said Father. " There is the church. Bow Church it is called, and the bells are the famous Bow Bells. Everyone who is born within the sound of Bow Bells is a real Londoner."



Bow Church, Cheapside

" Turn again, turn again,
Lord Mayor of London,"

said Bobby, humming over the tune. " Do any of the other bells in London say anything ? "

" Oh," said Father, " don't you remember the rhyme :

" Gay go up and gay go down
To ring the bells of London Town ?

Nearly every church in the city says something different.

" Bull's eyes and targets,
Say the bells of St Marg'rets.

" Brickbats and tiles,
Say the bells of St Giles.

THE BANK

"Halfpence and farthings,
Say the bells of St Martin's.

"Oranges and lemons,
Say the bells of St Clement's.

"Pancakes and fritters,
Say the bells of St Peter's.

"Two sticks and an apple,
Say the bells at Whitechapel.

"Old Father Baldpate,
Say the slow bells at Aldgate.

"You owe me ten shillings,
Say the bells of St Helen's.

"Pokers and tongs,
Say the bells at St John's.

"Kettles and pans,
Say the bells at St Ann's.

"When will you pay me?
Say the bells at Old Bailey.

"When I grow rich,
Say the bells at Shoreditch."

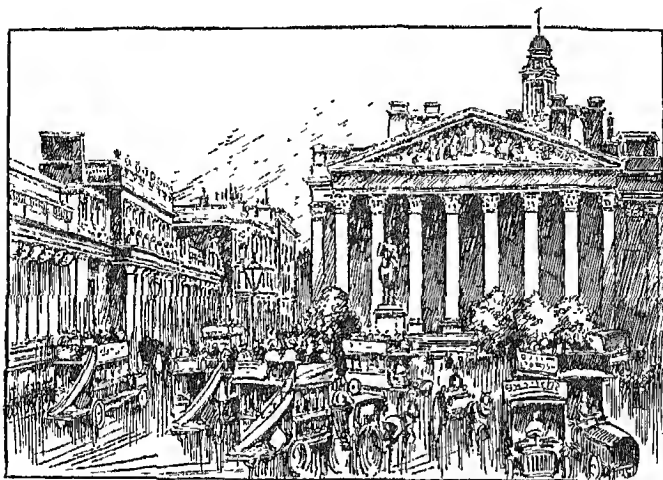
"I remember all that," said Bobby. "But somehow I didn't think it was about real bells. I thought it was just a rhyme."

"No; it's really and truly about London," said Father. "What! are we stopping? Why, here's

THE WONDERS OF LONDON

the Bank. Jump out." Father led the way to a quiet corner. "Stand on these steps," he said. "There is a lot for you to see here."

"Where is the Bank?" asked Bobby.



Bank of England and Royal Exchange

"That dull grey building opposite you," said Father.

"The one with the low, flat roof?" said Bobby. "Oh, I thought it would have looked much finer than that. I thought there would have been soldiers riding up and down in front of it all the time."

"There are some soldiers inside at nights," said Father. "Very large sums of money pass through

THE BANK

the Bank, and so it has to be very carefully guarded. If it looks rather small, it is because the roof is so low. It spreads out over a lot of ground—very nearly four acres, or more than twice as big as your playing field at school.”

“Really and truly?” said Bobby. “It looks ever so much smaller.”

“That is because it is so crowded round here,” said Father. “There are so many big buildings that they all look small. If you were to go inside the Bank you would find a very busy sight. Hundreds of clerks work there every day, and among the treasures is a bank-note worth a million pounds.”

“A million pounds put on a bit of paper!” cried Bobby. “What would happen if the man who owned it lost it?”

“Every bank-note has a number on it,” said Father. “Supposing you had one, it might be 103. Then if you lost it, you would know its number, and you would tell the people at the Bank that note number 103 was lost. After that if someone picked it up and took it to the Bank to try to get the money, the Bank clerk would signal to a detective who is always standing by and the man would be followed.”

“Then the other man wouldn’t be able to keep the money?” said Bobby.

“Certainly not,” said Father. “If the man

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could not prove that the note was really his, he would not be allowed to keep the money."

"Who owns the million-pound bank-note?" said Bobby.

"The one I mentioned just now? Oh, the Bank," said Father. "No one would be silly enough to run the risk of losing such a great sum. The Bank people keep it to show how rich they are, and what they can do."

"I can see another big building with steps up to it," said Bobby.

"Where?" said Father. "That is the Mansion House. The Lord Mayor of London has to live there whilst he is Lord Mayor. Lots of fine parties and entertainments are held there."

"Then I suppose that's where Dick Whittington lived," said Bobby.

"No, it wasn't built then," said Father. "It is only about one hundred and fifty years old."

"Then it won't be the same coach, either?" said Bobby.

"Dear me, no," said Father. "The Lord Mayor's coach is very fine, but it isn't the one Dick Whittington used. Every year, in November, there is a great procession through the city, called the Lord Mayor's Show. The new Lord Mayor rides in state, and there are cars filled with people dressed up to show scenes from the history of London, or something else of the same kind.

THE ROYAL EXCHANGE

"Put on your hat,
Away let us go;
This is the day
Of the Lord Mayor's show.

"What shall we see?
Coaches so gay;
All in their best
For the Lord Mayor's Day,"

"If it was November," said Bobby, "I could see it for myself. Next time may we come to London in November?"

"Perhaps," said Father. "But November is so foggy. It isn't so nice in London then as it is now. Do you see another big building across the road?"

"One with an insect on the top?" said Bobby.

"That's the one," said Father. "That's the Royal Exchange, and the insect on the top is a grasshopper. We'll cross the road by the subway, and then we'll go into the Exchange."

"The subway?" asked Bobby.

"Come and see," said Father. He led the way down some steps, and then along a tunnel, and up the other side by some more steps.

"The tunnel goes right under the street," said Father. "See, here we are on the other side. It is easier than crossing among the carts and motor-buses. Now can you see the Royal Exchange?"

THE WONDERS OF LONDON

"Ever so well," said Bobby. "Tell me about the grasshopper. Why is it up there?"

"Because a story once used to be told that the man who built the first Exchange owed his life to a grasshopper," said Father. "I don't think it is a true tale, but it is a nice one all the same, so I may as well tell it you. When the man who built the Exchange was just a baby his mother put him down in a field, and went away and never came back. The poor baby, left alone, could not do anything to help himself, and so he just lay there, asleep. Towards evening a grasshopper came along, chirping his best and loudest. A boy who heard the grasshopper followed the noise, trying to find the insect. Then suddenly he came upon the baby, 'What! a baby!' he cried. 'Mother would like to see this.' So he caught up the infant and carried it home to his mother, who said it should be one of her own children. And so little Thomas Gresham grew up, strong and happy, in a cottage home. When he was a man he became famous, and he built the Royal Exchange, and because he had been told that it was through the grasshopper he had been found in the field, he had a grasshopper put on the very top of the building, and it has been kept there ever since."

"What a jolly story!" said Bobby.

"Do you like it?" said Father. "So do

THE ROYAL EXCHANGE

I. But don't forget that it is not really true."

"Who lives in the Royal Exchange?" asked Bobby.

"No one," said Father. "It is just a place of business. Queen Elizabeth was on the throne when Sir Thomas Gresham built it, and ever since then it has been a place of business. Men meet there to settle money affairs. Other people, like ourselves, are allowed to go in and out to look round, excepting between half-past three and half-past four, when it is closed, except to those who have business there."

"What can you see inside?" asked Bobby.

"Come and see," said Father, walking up the wide steps, between the tall columns, and going in through a huge door.

"Pictures!" cried Bobby, when he got inside. He pointed to the walls of the hall. They were built in panels, and filled with paintings.

"Aren't they beautiful?" said Father. "The men who come here every day are very proud of them. Most of them have been painted by famous artists. They show you how London grew into a great city. Some of the panels are still empty, but in time they will all be filled."

"There's one of a fire," said Bobby.

"It's the Great Fire," said Father. "The one

THE WONDERS OF LONDON

about which I told you at the Monument. Then do you see this one of Queen Elizabeth opening Parliament? And this one of Charles the First and Parliament?"

"And William the Conqueror," said Bobby, pointing to another.

"And Dick Whittington," said Father, going up to another.

"Dick Whittington? Where?" said Bobby. "Oh, '*Sir Richard Whittington dispensing charities*.' Was he really ever called that? I thought he was just Dick."

"Not when he became a great man," said Father. "Everyone was very polite to him then."

"Isn't it a big hall?" said Father, looking round the great empty building.

"Awfully big," said Bobby. "We've seen it all now, haven't we? Where are we going next?"

"Home, very soon," said Father. "But as we are by the Bank I think we will take the Tube from there to Liverpool Street Station, which is one of the biggest stations in London. There is a 'moving' staircase there, which I'm sure you would like to see."

Bobby was always ready to go in a taxi or a Tube, so he went very joyfully down the steps leading to the Bank Station. A minute or two later they got out.

THE ROYAL EXCHANGE

"What a little way," said Bobby.

"It isn't far," said Father. "Look, here are the moving stairs."

Bobby looked, and saw a staircase that moved up and up all the time, carrying passengers to the top.

"It's quite easy," said Father. "Step on. I'm coming too. That's right. Now walk up."

"Walk up whilst it is going?" said Bobby.

"Yes; it's quite safe," said Father. "We'll be at the top in no time."

So they were—too soon for Bobby's liking, and he would have liked to go on it again.

"Not now," said Father. "I want to go back from here to Charing Cross by bus, and then you'll have been round most of the city to-day."

There was a whole string of buses outside the station.

"We want one with 'Strand' on it," said Father. "Here comes one. Get in. Now we're off."

Bobby sat on the top, watching everything. Presently he called out, "I know where we are. There's St Paul's."

"This is the way we came the other 'day," said Father. "Now we go down hill from St Paul's, past Ludgate Circus, and into——"

"Fleet Street and the Strand," said Bobby proudly. "And then we come to Charing Cross

THE WONDERS OF LONDON

Station, and we get out there and go in another train to Sydenham."

"Quite right!" said Father. "We began at the other end, up Regent Street and to the Marble Arch. Then from there we went to the Bank, and now we're coming back to the place where we first started. If you look it up in a map of London you will see we have been pretty well right round the city in a ring."

"Cousin Helen gave me a coloured map yesterday," said Bobby. "I'll look it up in that. It's a beauty."

Chapter XII

THE GUILDHALL AND SMITHFIELD

*The Guildhall's the place where each year the Lord Mayor
Gives a banquet at which the Prime Minister's there.*

*At Smithfield, in old days was heard a fair's rattle;
But now it's a market where people sell cattle.*

O H dear, this is nearly the last day," said Bobby.

"Then we'll make it an extra nice one!" said Father. "We're going back to the city part; where we were yesterday. I want to show you the Guildhall and Smithfield."

THE GUILDHALL

"The Guildhall?" said Bobby. "What's that?"

"Do you know what is meant by the word Corporation?" said Father.

"Uncle Jack told me not long ago," said Bobby. "He said it meant the Mayor and the men who work with him to govern a city."

"Quite right," said Father. "Well, the Guildhall is the city hall belonging to the Corporation of London. The elections for the Lord Mayor are held there, and once a year the Lord Mayor gives a banquet there, to which the Prime Minister nearly always goes."

"Guildhall is a funny name," said Bobby.

"That's because it is an old building," said Father. "It belongs to the days when every trade had its own guild. Supposing you had been a draper, you would have belonged to the guild of drapers. And if I had been a butcher, I should have belonged to the guild of butchers. Then, as there were a lot of butchers and drapers and masons, and men of all sorts of trades, they needed a hall in which to hold meetings and feasts, and so they called this hall the Guildhall."

"And if you'd been a butcher, and I'd been a draper, should we have come there to meetings?"

"Yes, if we had belonged to a guild," said Father. "And no doubt we would have been very proud of our hall. Is the bus stopping? Where have we got to?"

THE WONDERS OF LONDON

"The Bank," said Bobby proudly.

"Then we'll get out," said Father. "The Guildhall is close by. Follow me; there, now, you can see it." He pointed down a narrow street, at the end of which Bobby saw a low, arched doorway. "When the Great Fire was burning," said Father, "all these streets were in a blaze. There were flames everywhere. Nearly every house was on fire.

"Through the city darts the fire,
Look! it never stops!
Splendid buildings groan and fall;
Down crash homes and shops."

"Was the Guildhall burnt?" asked Bobby.

"Most of it. But that little doorway was unhurt; that looks just as it used to look; but all the rest has been rebuilt."

Suddenly some pigeons flew down and gathered near the old doorway.

"Look! pigeons!" cried Bobby. "There were pigeons at St Paul's, and at the British Museum, and now there are some here!"

"People often sit in this archway to eat their lunch in the middle of the day," said Father. "The pigeons pick up the crumbs, and so they are very tame. Now we will go inside. And first of all we will go to see the place where the Lord Mayor's great banquet is held."

They stepped inside and went into a hall with a high roof and stained-glass windows.

THE GUILDHALL

"Oh, how big!" said Bobby. "And I can see some statues."

"They are men well known in history," said Father. "I daresay you know some of their names :

"They are men who worked for England,
Worked without a thought of fame ;
Chatham, Wellington, and Nelson—
Many more of splendid name."

"What a lot of statues there are in London," said Bobby. "Did everybody live here once?"

"Oh no," said Father; "they didn't all belong to London, but London is the capital of England, and so it is fitting that honour should be shown to the country's heroes and great men in the most important place. That is why you see their statues everywhere. But now, here's something very interesting. Look at those two odd-looking wooden figures up there. They are Gog and Magog."

"The giants?" cried Bobby. "I've heard of them. They once lived in England, didn't they?"

"There are two or three stories of them," said Father, "but the best-known one describes how a Roman named Brutus or Brute came to England, where he found a race of giants, and killed them all except Gog and Magog."

"What did he do with those two?" said Bobby.

"He carried them here" said Father. "Then

THE WONDERS OF LONDON

he built the city of New Troy or London, and made Gog and Magog act as porters at the gate of the town."

"How they must have hated it," said Bobby.

"Hated what?" said Father.

"Being porters at the gate of a city built by their enemies," said Bobby. "Why didn't they run away or fight?"

"How could they?" said Father. "They were only two, and Brutus had a whole army behind him. The only thing they could do was to give way to their conquerors. And of course this story may not be true. It was all so long ago that no one can say exactly what happened. As I said before, there are two or three stories about them, but the one I have told you is the best known."

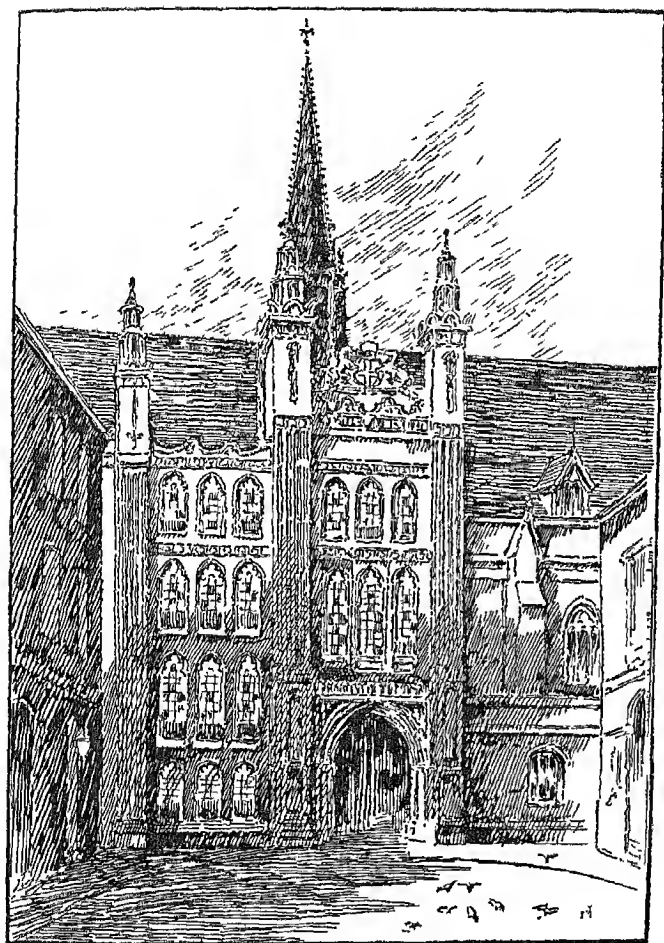
"Where is the Lord Mayor's Banquet held?" said Bobby. "The one when the Prime Minister comes?"

"Here," said Father. "In this hall. They have been held here ever since the reign of Henry the Seventh.

"Henry the Seventh was King in the year
When the first Mayor's banquet was held in here;
The king himself came, all smiling and gay,
And hundreds of merchants in brightest array,"

"Did the king come!" cried Bobby. "Does he come now?"

"Not now," said Father. "But the Prime



Entrance to the Gullhall

THE WONDERS OF LONDON

Minister comes instead. The city was much smaller in those days than now, and the king had far less things to do. There have been some splendid feasts in here ; some of the proudest people in the kingdom have eaten and drunk in this hall. Sad things too have happened. Lady Jane Grey was tried here, and then sent to the Tower to be beheaded. Many great people have come in through the little doorway at the entrance.

"In this silent hall have been,
Lord and Lady, King and Queen ;
City merchant, foreign Prince,
Hero brave, in days long since ;
Shouts have echoed ; songs been sung
From the lips of old and young ;
Now they all have passed away,
Just their names remain to-day."

From here Bobby and his father went to see the Library.

"Musn't talk," whispered Father. "I'll tell you about it afterwards." Bobby looked round him. Men and women were sitting at the tables, reading or writing, and all around them were cases filled with books. No one spoke : for all were busy.

Bobby was not used to keeping quiet, and so he was quite glad when they went outside again.

"That was the Library," said his father. "It is one of the best in London. Hundreds of people use it every day. All they have to do is to sign

SMITHFIELD

their names in a book, and then they can read any book they like."

"I saw some men in a little room too," said Bobby. "They were reading newspapers."

"That was the Newspaper Room!" said Father. "All the papers are kept there. People who read papers go into that room, people who read books go into the other one."

"Have we seen everything here now?" asked Bobby.

"No; there is a small museum," said Father, "and a picture gallery."

"All here?" said Bobby. "What a lot of things they keep in the Guildhall."

"Most of the things in the Museum are papers showing you the history of the city," said Father. "That is why they are kept here instead of in one of the bigger museums."

After Bobby had seen over the Museum, his father showed him the Picture Gallery, but they had only time to stay a few minutes, and after a look round they hurried out to go to Smithfield.

"Isn't it quiet?" said Bobby, as they stepped out into the street again.

"Only just round the doorway," said Father. "A few steps will bring us into Cheapside again, and that isn't quiet."

"We're going to Smithfield next, aren't we?" said Bobby. "Is it far?"

THE WONDERS OF LONDON

"Quite close," said Father. "It is one of the old parts of the city. A very fine fair, called St Bartholomew's Fair, used to be held there long ago. Besides this big fair there was a market every week, and people used to come to it from miles away.

"Where are you off, bonny fair lass?"

'To Bartholomew Fair, if you please, sir.'

'What will you say if I won't let you pass?'

'That I'll never get there to-day sir, '"

"It sounds nice," said Bobby. "Are we near it?"

"Just opposite," said Father, pointing to a large open space.

"Oh!" said Bobby. "That!"

"Of course it didn't look like that long ago!" said Father. "It was a very gay place then. When the fair was held there were gingerbread stalls and apple stalls, and side shows and amusements of all kinds. That was when Elizabeth was the queen. Everyone went to the fair, and everyone talked about it, long before it began, and long after it was over.

"See the people riding by;

Going to the Fair—oh!

Troops of pretty maidens shy,

Going to the Fair—oh!

All the town is in a hum,

Going to the Fair—oh!

Lots have gone, but still they come,

Going to the Fair—oh!"

SMITHFIELD

"I wish there was a fair now," said Bobby.
"It would be ever so much nicer."

"If you had been alive then you might have seen something much less nice than a fair here," said Father. "This is where men were burnt in the reign of Queen Mary."

"Burnt?" cried Bobby.

"Burnt to death; tied to a piece of wood and burnt until they were quite dead."

Bobby looked round him and shivered. He almost felt he could see the flames. He did not like to think of them.

"What else happened here?" he said.



Old Smithfield and St Bartholomew's Church

"One very exciting thing," said Father. "A man named Wat Tyler got together a lot of men in the reign of King Richard the Second. They said that Richard was not a just king, and they marched into London, setting fire to everything

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they could. The Mayor and some of his friends heard the news and they got ready to put down Wat Tyler and his men. Next day the King himself rode up, and he and the Mayor and some soldiers came here, where Wat Tyler and his men were standing. Presently the Mayor thought that Wat Tyler meant to kill the King, and he drew his dagger and dealt Wat Tyler a fatal stroke. For a short time it seemed that there would be a general fight, but the King moved his horse forward and called out: 'Gentlemen, you shall have no other captain but me: I will be your King.' His courage brought its reward; frowns and threats gave way to loyal cheers, and the danger passed.

"Wat Tyler and his angry men
Broke into London town;
They burnt the buildings as they passed,
And strutted up and down.
King Richard leaped upon his horse;
Wat Tyler soon lay dead;
'I'll be your Captain!' Richard cried;
'We'll follow you!' they said."

"How jolly!" said Bobby. "Fancy it happening here."

"London has grown so big," said Father, "that it is hard to imagine what it looked like once. It isn't at all like it used to be, although there are still many of the old buildings left. Look at that church over there. It is called St

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Bartholomew's Church, and it was built more than seven hundred years ago. I wish we had time to see over it, for inside it looks ever so quaint and old."

"There seem to be churches everywhere," said Bobby.

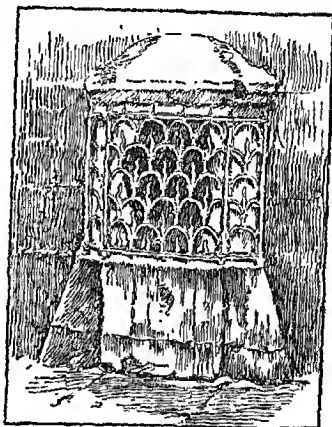
"Yes," said Father. "We can't go to see them all, but there is one not far from here you must see. It is called St Swithin's, and you can see there the oldest stone in London."

"The oldest stone," echoed Bobby.

"Yes," said Father. "It is built into the outside wall of the church. We will go there now. The little walk will be nice."

Bobby thought it was great fun crossing the streets and walking along the crowded pavements, and he was quite ready to go on much farther, when Father suddenly stopped and pointed to a grey stone, carefully placed inside a strong iron railing.

"That is it," said Father. "That is London Stone. It is said to belong to the days of the



The London Stone

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Romans. Nowadays all the distances in London are measured from Charing Cross, but it is said that in the old days all miles were measured off from this stone."

"Then it's as old as lots of things in the Museum," said Bobby. "It's the best thing I've seen to-day."

"At any rate it must be the last," said Father.

Chapter XIII

THE ZOO

*Next day Bobby went to say "How do you do?"
To the creatures that live in the splendid Zoo;
He saw some lions when he got there,
Some tigers, some monkeys, a polar bear;
Elephants, camels, and kangaroos,
Vultures, and eagles, and cockatoos;
But best of them all he liked the giraffe,
And the queer hyænas that sometimes laugh.*

Z IS the last letter of the alphabet," said Father, "and as this is our last day——"

"Oh!" groaned Bobby.

"We are going somewhere beginning with Z," finished Father.

"The Zoo!" shouted Bobby. "I thought perhaps we should go there. It's the best place in London, isn't it?"

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"One of the best," said Father. "Now come along; it is a long way there, so we must make haste."

A long motor-bus journey brought them to Regent's Park. "We'll get out here," said Father, "and walk across the park to the Zoo. It is just over there."

"I suppose the animals are in cages?" asked Bobby, as they walked across the grass.

"They are, in this Zoo," said Father. "There is a famous Zoo on the Continent where they roam about a good deal more than they do here. There they are shut off by wide ditches, across which they cannot jump, so that though they are not in cages they can't possibly get away."

"I expect they like that better," said Bobby.

"I expect they do," said Father. "Only, of course, you can't see them quite so well, because they are farther off. Here's the turnstile; go through."

"Now we are really and truly inside the Zoo!" cried Bobby.

"What would you like to see most of all?" asked Father. "You shall choose three kinds of animals and I'll choose three. We sha'n't have time to go right round."

Bobby thought for a minute. "Lions, elephants and bears," he said.

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"And I choose kangaroos, giraffes and the rhinoceros," said Father.

"And as many more as we can," put in Bobby. "May we see the elephants first?"

"Then we'll get something for them to eat," said Father, and he bought two packets of food from a little stall close by.

There were a lot of elephants, and they were all very eager to eat, so Bobby had a busy time feeding them.

"Look at their big, flapping ears," said Father. "That shows they came from Africa. Indian elephants have much smaller ears, and usually they are smaller altogether."

"They do blow down their trunks," said Bobby. "Such a hot wind, too!"

"What do you think they feed on at home?" asked Father. "They are pretty big creatures, you know. Think what kind of food they would like?"

Bobby shook his head. "They seem to like these biscuits," he said; "but they wouldn't find biscuits in a forest. What do they eat, father?"

"Green stuff and leaves," said Father. "Nice, young, juicy green leaves. That's why their trunks are so long. They can reach up to the topmost branches and pluck the leaves they like best. Sometimes they curl their trunks round a tree and pull it up by the roots, if they can't get at the leaves any other way."

THE ZOO

Bobby gazed at the great, grey creatures in front of him. "They look as if they would eat all sorts of things," he said. "Fancy big creatures like that only wanting leaves!"

"Most of the biggest animals in the world feed on grass and leaves," said Father. "It's quite true, though it seems so strange. A giraffe eats leaves; and so does a rhinoceros."

"I like giraffes," said Bobby. "Let's see them next."

"Where do giraffes come from?" asked Father.

"Africa," said Bobby, making a guess.

"Good guess," said Father. "Many of the animals here call Africa home. Elephants come from there; so do giraffes, zebras, antelopes, koodoos, gnus, elands, as well as two very odd birds—one called the Secretary Bird, because of a tuft of feathers for all the world like a quill pen stuck in its ear, and the other called the Hornbill—who both kill snakes."

"Kill snakes!" cried Bobby. "How?"

"The Secretary Bird does it with his feet," said Father. "They are very strong and powerful, and he jumps on the snake till it is dead. The Hornbill has not got such good legs, but he has got a very strong bill, and very wide wings. When he sees a snake he stretches out his wings and covers up his body and then pecks the snake

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to death. After that he gobbles the snake up, just as the Secretary Bird does."

"Eats it?" asked Bobby.

"Yes, eats it," said Father. "The only difference is that the Secretary Bird begins at the tail, and eats it backward.

"Deep down in the grass,
A speckled snake lay;
A bird with a tuft
Came passing that way;
Up wakened the snake,
A quiver with fright,
But the claws of the bird
Soon conquered him quite."

"Well," said Bobby, "I never knew there were birds like that before."

"There are some odder still," said Father. "The kiwi, for instance. It has a very long bill, and no wings at all. It belongs to New Zealand, and is very funny to look at. Next time we come to the Zoo we'll go and look at them all. But now here we are at the giraffe house."

There were three giraffes to be seen—a young one and two older ones.

"What terribly long necks," said Bobby.

"Why?" asked Father.

"Why?" repeated Bobby. "What do you mean?"

"There's always a reason for everything strange

THE ZOO

about an animal," said Father, "and the reason why giraffes have long necks is because they feed off leaves. If they had short necks they couldn't reach up to the branches."

"But elephants have no necks, and they eat leaves," said Bobby.

"Yes, but they've got trunks," said Father; "and their trunks take the place of necks."

"In an African forest, oh, miles away,
A Giraffe and an Elephant met one day;
Said Giraffe, 'I'm the best, for my neck's so high
I can reach up to branches quite near the sky.'
Then the Elephant slowly lifted his head;
'I think you've forgotten my trunk,' he said."

Now we've still got to see the lions and the polar bears," said Father, "and the kangaroos and the rhinoceros."

"The rhino is a mighty beast
And yet he feeds on grass;
He lives on far-off grassy plains,
Where people seldom pass."

They went to the rhinoceros first.

"His skin is most awfully thick," said Bobby. "It looks like leather."

"His real home is on a plain," said Father. "He doesn't move about very much, and often he stands for hours, looking just like a great stone figure against the sky."

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"Oh, the polar bears," cried Bobby, as they came within sight of a great pit, where two white polar bears were playing in some water.

"Watch them scramble up when anyone passes," said Father. "See how they can stretch themselves. Look! There's one up. Isn't he enormous?"

"He would hug you if he could, I suppose," said Bobby.

"Hug you to death," said Father. "It is a good thing he is safely inside. Don't you think so, Bobby? Now for the lions. Here is the house!"

Bobby rushed in, full of excitement. "Oh!" he said suddenly. "Oh!"

"Oh what?" asked Father.

"They're quite small," said Bobby. "I thought they would be ever so much bigger, with great swishing tails, and red, glaring eyes."

"Their eyes are pretty fierce," said Father. "And if they don't look so big as some of the animals, they can do as much harm as any of them. You should hear them roar at feeding-time. You would think they were fierce enough then."

"Can't we stay to see them fed?" asked Bobby. "Lots of people are waiting."

"No," said Father. "They can come often; we've only got to-day."

They went out of the lion house, on to more

THE ZOO

cages. Before they went home Bobby had seen all he had asked to see and a great deal more. He had seen elephants, and lions, and giraffes; the rhinoceros, the polar bears; two huge kangaroos, some restless, fierce-looking tigers, some yellow-coated dingoes, or wild dogs from Australia; some long-armed, nimble monkeys; a whole houseful of screaming parrots; some curled-up snakes; some enormous tortoises, and a curious little creature, hanging upside down by one claw, which Father told him was a fruit-eating bat.

"How its claw shakes!" said Bobby. "Why is it asleep now? and where does it come from?"

"It comes from Australia," said Father. "It is a night creature; that is why it is asleep now. They hang like that in dozens from the trees in Australia, and then at night they waken up and go in search of fruit. Such a lot of damage they do! Often enough they will strip a tree quite bare. Then they fly back, swollen with food and chattering and quarrelling, till at last they hang themselves up to sleep till the night comes round again."

"It's been a lovely day," said Bobby, as they passed out of the turnstile.

"Hasn't it?" said Father. "There's no nicer place in London than the Zoo. Next time we come here we must spend two or three days with the animals."

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Chapter XIV

STILL MORE TO SEE

*At night Bobby boasts he's been to see
London from end to end.*

*"Ho! ho!" says Magog, "just listen to me,
You've made a mistake, my friend!"*

BEFORE Bobby went to bed he told Cousin Helen about what he had seen in London. "I've seen everything," he boasted. "Not quite everything," laughed Cousin Helen. "Yes, everything," said Bobby, and he went off to bed.

An hour later he wakened up out of a most delicious sleep. He stared round him for a minute, then he saw two giants walk into the room. He knew them at once, Gog and Magog.

They walked briskly up to the bedside.

"So you've seen everything?" said Gog cheerfully.

"Yes," said Bobby, "everything; from the crown in the Tower to the London Stone."

Gog turned to Magog. "You see," he said. "He persists in it." Magog nodded.

"Very well," said Gog, looking sternly at Bobby. "Since you've seen everything, tell me where is the Natural History Museum."

STILL MORE TO SEE

Bobby's face fell. "I don't know," he said. "I didn't see it."

"Bad mark number one," said Gog. "You keep count on your fingers, Magog."

Magog nodded, and Gog went on.

"Where's the Wallace Collection?"

Bobby didn't answer.

"Another bad mark," called out Gog, and Magog doubled up another finger.

"And St Martin's Church?" said Gog.

Bobby shut his eyes.

"Wren built it," said Gog. "Third finger down, please."

Magog turned down his third finger.

"And Kensington Palace," went on Gog; "Lambeth Palace; the Albert Hall; the Tate Gallery; the Soane Museum; the Mint——"

"Fingers all down," cried Magog.

"Then I may as well stop," said Gog. "It is quite clear that Bobby has not seen everything."

"I've seen a great deal," said Bobby.

"Granted; granted," said Gog. "You've seen us; and you've seen many of the most important places. But, remember this" (here he pointed his huge finger at Bobby), "there is still a great deal you have not seen."

"I'm sure there is," said Bobby humbly.

"That's right," said Gog. "Now you speak

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like a sensible boy. You've seen some of the wonders of London; remember there are still more to see. London is much too wonderful to be seen in a fortnight even by a boy like you."

"I'll remember," said Bobby.

"Then good-bye," said Gog. "Magog, we may as well go."

"We may as well go," echoed Magog, and they went.

In two minutes Bobby was fast asleep.

"Cousin Helen," said Bobby at breakfast next morning, half-an-hour before they had to start, "I didn't see everything after all.

"I thought you hadn't," said Cousin Helen. "London is much bigger than you thought."

"And much nicer," said Bobby.

"And much more wonderful," put in Father. "Even if you were to spend a whole month going over it there would still be more to see."

